

THE American Girl

MAY 1947

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M.G.M. STAR



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THE American Girl

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NUMBER V

Wilson

Sport Say



TIPS
on TENNIS

BY Alice Marble

One of the first lessons I learned when I started to play tennis was the importance of a correct grip. I was taught the "Eastern" type grip which I still use, as it's the one best suited for all 'round play. The easiest way to describe the "Eastern" type grip is to say that you "shake hands with your racket."



See how natural it feels to hold your racket this way? This grip gives you the feeling that the racket is continuation of your arm and hand. But—remember this, for it's important! Grip your racket firmly, but never too tightly.

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Alice Marble is returned as a member of Wilson Advisory Staff



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The Story of
Consuelo Kelly

HELPING others to be good cooks is part of Connie Kelly's job at General Electric. After spending several years at G-E's Consumer's Institute in Bridgeport, International General Electric sent Connie travelling 30,000 miles by air to large cities in South and Central America, Mexico and the Caribbeans, to explore the possibilities of setting up similar institutes in these countries. As a result of her travels, Connie has established institutes in Mexico, Argentina, and Brazil. Her main job is to set up these schools, train others to carry them on, and then supervise their operation. Housewives attend these schools to learn the best cooking, sewing, and laundering practices and to learn the use and care of electrical appliances.

General Electric Company, Schenectady 5, N. Y.



Connie spent the first seven years of her life in Cuba. After attending school there for a year she and her family moved to New York where she received the rest of her education including the study of nutrition at Columbia University.



Interested in sports, Connie spent much of her time swimming, and she often played basketball and went on long hikes. After completing school, Connie travelled in Europe and Central America collecting recipes as a hobby.



Following her interest in cooking and nutrition, she came to work for G.E., giving radio talks and demonstrations on these subjects to promote the sale of electrical appliances. These activities carried her through all the United States and Canada.



Her library of cookbooks, representing Mexico and all the South American countries, is one of the most complete of its kind. In 1941 she conducted a cooking school demonstration over television station WRGB—the first such program ever presented.

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Puppy Business

by BETTY CAVANNA

HAVING fun?" Tony Prescott draped himself over the picket fence and regarded Margo James, viciously swabbing out the puppy pen. "Just a whale of a time! What's it to you?" Margo retorted belligerently.

"Not a thing, Small Fry, not a thing." Tony shrugged broad shoulders. "Sold your puppies yet?"

Margo's blue eyes followed Tony's brown ones to the eight weeks' old spaniels—The Five Little Peppers, she called them.

Then her glance jerked back to Tony. "Your puppies," the boy next door had said with overemphasis. Last summer it had been "our puppies," and Tony had been on the swabbing detail, while Margo had gotten off lightly with the catering end. There was no doubt that puppy-raising last year had been more fun.

"I asked," Tony repeated, "sold any?"

Margo's chin shot up. "I've got prospects," she told him. "After

Last year it had been Tony & Margo, Inc. But now it was all her business—and if she kept on being a softie it might fail

all, they're only eight weeks old. And that's pretty young."

"Last year," Tony reminded her, "at eight weeks we'd sold the litter."

Last year, he might have added, we used the money from the sale of the pups to join the swimming club. Last year we were partners.

Sherry, the cocker spaniel given jointly to Margo and Tony as a present, playfully nipped at the five plump babies of her second litter, unaware that their ownership had been the subject of controversy, and that when Margo and Tony had quarreled, the girl had drawn the straw which had given her control of this litter.

Margo planned to use the money from the sale of the puppies to finance a month at camp. A month when she wouldn't have to see Tony's taunting eyes nor hear his irritatingly cheerful whistle. She slapped the broom against the side of the pen now in a final savage sweep.

"What are you going to do with the money?" Tony asked. He was sprawled on the grass among the puppies, letting them bite his ears and nibble at his hands.

"Go to camp," snapped Margo.

"You don't say! Going to learn to dive?"

This was another sore point. Last summer Tony had offered to teach her to dive, but before all that crowd at the swimming club, Margo hadn't been able to get up enough nerve.

Now she said coolly, "I might. You never know." But inside she was seething. Who did Tony Prescott think he was, baiting her this way? At the same time she recognized that he had a certain justification. Courage was not one of her strong points.

Margo tried to recall the actual incident that had led to their falling out, but it escaped her. She only knew that they had been inseparable companions for years, and then, last winter, everything had gone wrong between them.

Tony had teased her because she was getting self-conscious; he'd teased her about boys, and about other things that were becoming important to her. When she had tried to retaliate in kind, it was the end of a beautiful friendship—and although they were again on speaking terms, the old comradeship was gone. Their lives had become a constant skirmish with each other.

Margo put the puppies' water bowl just inside the pen door as a raucous honk sounded from the front. Tony peered around the corner of the garage, called, "By now, date with the boys," and was off down the drive in a flurry of puppies,

and Margo had to race to retrieve them, letting the entire carful of sophomores see her in her oldest work clothes.

Back on the patch of grass behind the garage she lay down, as Tony had, and let the puppies wriggle over her.

There was one—the littlest Pepper—who was her favorite. He was the color of pale honey, and his nose and eyes were black and shining.

"An old snuggle-puppy," Margo murmured as he burrowed in the curve of her neck, "that's what you are." Then, because she didn't want to hurt the feelings of the others, she played with them, pretending that she liked them all best.

And sometimes she thought that she really did love them equally, because that evening when a Mr. and Mrs. Smith came to consider buying a puppy, she did her best to discourage them.

"Aren't they sweet!" crowed Mrs. Smith, as she thrust plump fingers through the wire mesh of the pen.

"They look good and strong," her husband agreed.

"Good and strong!" Margo was furious. Her magnificent, her unparalleled puppies! When Mr. Smith asked the price she doubled it.

After the couple had left, saying they would think it over, Margo remembered something Tony had once said to her. "When you know you *ought* to do a thing, go ahead and get it over with." Her dad had said the same thing differently. "Stop procrastinating, Margo." A ten-cent word. She'd have to sell the pups to somebody, and the Smiths were nice, really. Margo was sorry she had been so impulsive.

Then Tony called over the fence, from his listening post in the hammock. "That's a beautiful way to kill a sale."

"Listen, Repulsive!" Margo shouted back. "They're my puppies, and it's *my* sale."

"No sale, Cherub," corrected Tony.

"And," concluded Margo as she marched up the back steps and slammed the screen door, "eavesdropping is an ugly word!"

The puppies had their second worming; they had their temporary distemper injections. Even Margo had to admit it was high time they were sold. They consumed enough cereal, milk, and eggs to feed a good-sized nursery, Mrs. James complained.

"All right, I'll put an ad in the 'Gas Jet,'" Margo consented, using the coke crowd's slang for the "Gazette," the local weekly. But somehow she neglected to call until the paper had gone to press, and the ad had to be put off for another week. And when another prospective purchaser appeared, lured by her family's word-of-mouth advertising, Margo showed the pups with a marked lack of enthusiasm.

"Cockers," she said wearily, "can be awfully hard to raise."

Again, after the prospect had departed, Margo was appalled by her own attitude. She remembered that last year Tony had closed the sales, while she hid so she wouldn't see the puppies leave.

"I've got to stop being such a softy!" she complained. But

Margo pretended to love all five puppies equally, but the littlest was really her favorite. He was the color of pale honey



still there were Five Little Peppers, eating Margo's family out of house and home.

"For a slight commission—say fifty per cent—I'll get rid of them for you," Tony proposed one morning. "I know a few people I might interest, if you weren't so high-hat." But Margo spurned his offer.

With no funds to join the swimming club, Tony was very much around. He cut the grass—and leaned on his mower to needle her. He greased his bike—and shouted sales advice at her across the fence. Yet when he took a job cherry-picking for a day, Margo missed him. Particularly because it was the day on which her ad appeared in the "Gazette."

The morning started auspiciously enough, but when she brought the pups their lunch she noticed that the littlest Pepper was droopy. He sat in the corner and wouldn't eat. The tip of his nose felt hot.

Margo was worried. Could he be sick? That any of this bouncing tribe could become ill was a contingency she had never faced. She wished Tony were around; she wished her mother hadn't gone to the city for the day.

She decided to call Dr. Allen, the vet. A maid answered. Dr. Allen's office hours were six to eight in the evening. He was out. She didn't know where he could be reached. Before Margo the day stretched very long.

THE phone rang a couple of times in the afternoon—people wanting to see the puppies. "All right," she said indifferently, "you can come over." But no one arrived, and the little dog's eyes lost their brilliance, his nose its polish.

Desperately Margo wished that Tony would come home. Maybe there was something she should be doing for the puppy while she waited to take him to the vet. Tony had a sixth sense about such things.

But Margo's mother came home before Tony. She pulled into the drive at ten minutes of six, and Margo met her on the walk with the littlest Pepper in her arms.

It was a fifteen minutes' drive to Dr. Allen's, and Margo found eight anxious dog owners ahead of her.

"I'll go home, darling," Mrs. James said. "Call me when you're through. I'll save you some supper."

During the hour that followed, Margo had plenty of time to think. Suppose the puppy's ailment were something that required isolation? How was she going to handle all the rest of the litter and a sick puppy as well? She wished she hadn't been so discouraging to the prospective buyers. She wished Tony were an ally, not an adversary.

Finally the crowd of patients thinned, and she was carrying the littlest Pepper into Dr. Allen's office and the veterinary was saying, "Well, what's wrong here?"

"I don't know. He's hot, and he won't eat."

Dr. Allen put his hand under the puppy's chin, glanced briefly at the lusterless eyes. Then he picked up one silky ear

(Continued on page 36)

Illustrated by WILSON SCRUGGS





Kay's hands were shaking as she flashed the red and green lights

by MARTHA JOHNSON

Illustrated by Mal Thompson

You Win Kay Allen

CURTISS P-40F—Warhawk." Marty Crenshaw spoke automatically. "Wingspread? Tonnage? Come on, Marty, that's part of the identification, you know." There was a note of desperation in Kay Allen's voice as she held the big card before her for the girls of the Flight Club to see.

Marty gave the information listlessly. There was a silence when she had finished. Then a buzz of conversation broke out—talk that had nothing to do with club matters, as Kay was quick to note. She glanced at Marty and saw that she was smiling triumphantly.

The Flight Club, of which she was president, was dear to Kay's heart. She had started the club among her classmates in second-year high; she had worked hard to organize its

activities, and now, with fifteen dues-paying members, and listed in the High School Manual as an accredited school club, it was threatened with extinction. It was all Marty's fault, Kay told herself angrily. She had wanted to be president, and when Kay was elected she had done everything she could to make trouble.

Though she was fifteen and should have outgrown such impulses, Kay's first reaction now was to tell Marty exactly what she thought of her, even if this meeting was being held in Kay's home. But she had not been president of the club for a year to no purpose; she had dealt with difficult situations before and she could do it again.

"Look here," she said, rapping on the table, "is this a sewing circle or a Flight Club meeting? Pay attention or—or

"I'll suspend anyone who starts talking during identification." "Might as well suspend the whole club." Marty's words came clearly in the silence that followed Kay's threat.

Marty had thrown down the gauntlet. The whole situation was now in the open, and to her surprise, Kay felt a sense of relief.

"Suspend the club, Marty?" Kay's voice was dangerously sweet. "Why, may I ask?"

She saw that the others were listening intently, and tried to gauge which of them she could count on for support. But most of the girls merely looked expectant, as though enjoying the prospect of a good argument.

Marty got to her feet and began talking rapidly. "Because it doesn't serve any useful purpose any more, that's why. We've learned to identify every plane that ever flew, and can spot them backwards and forwards. We know all the rules of flying, air-traffic control, and anything you can mention about planes. What's the use of keeping on? What good are we doing?"

"We're training for next year, when most of us will be sixteen and can start flying lessons," retorted Kay. "New rules and regulations come out all the time and we've got to keep up with them. It's easy to forget even the things we know now."

"Don't be silly! How could we possibly forget? We've drilled on identification and signals until the whole thing is just a bore. I'm for breaking up the club until next year, when we start flying lessons."

A murmur arose among the members. Kay knew that many



of them must feel as Marty did, for it was true that they were letter-perfect in the drills she had planned for the club's program. Since they were too young to start flying lessons, there was really very little else she could do to keep their interest alive.

Crestwood, the small city near Chicago in which they lived, boasted an airport, and the Flight Club had inspected the control tower and other points of interest there. Occasionally she had induced pilots or flying instructors to address the meetings, but such diversions could not be counted on to hold the club together. "I've got to think of something to show them it's worth while," she thought frantically. But the stress of the moment drove all ideas from her mind.

"I don't agree with you at all," she told Marty. "We may

know all these things, but if we go a whole year without drilling on them, we'll forget them all. And we can study other things—like meteorology."

"Meteorology!" Marty snapped at the word. "What could we learn about that without an instructor? We'd do ourselves more harm than good. No, I still think I'm right. Why not put it to a vote, Kay?"

Kay knew it was the only fair way to settle the dispute. "All right—but on one condition," she said. "We must have one more meeting, say a month from now. Then we can—" She stopped short. It would never do to let them know why she wanted this last meeting. It was to be a test of how much the girls remembered of what they had learned. If she let them know this, they would drill themselves for the meeting and it would prove nothing.

Marty agreed to the condition, and the vote followed. The show of hands spelled the doom of the Flight Club—only Ronnie Bennett, Kay's best friend, stood by her.

"We can have the meeting at my house next month," offered Ronnie. "I know it's way out by the airport, but I'd love to have you."

"Thanks, Ronnie," Kay said. "The meeting is adjourned until next month at Ronnie's house. I'll let you know the date."

After everyone but Ronnie had gone, she broke down and cried in angry disappointment. "That Marty!" she sputtered. "She's nothing but a poor sport and—"

"Did you say something about a poor sport?" Dr. Allen, Kay's father, came in from his office across the hall. "I'm sorry, but I couldn't help hearing what went on. That was a fair vote, wasn't it?"

Kay dried her eyes. "Yes, it was," she replied honestly. "It's just that—I'm so darn disappointed."

"Why not drown your sorrows in some of that ginger ale and stuff in the icebox?" suggested Dr. Allen. "There's enough for an army."

Kay was aghast. "The refreshments!" she cried. "I never served them!"

"All the more for us," retorted Ronnie, who loved to eat.

"Just you wait," said Kay, as she poured a third glass of ginger ale for Ronnie. "If I don't think of something in the next month to make them see the Flight Club has a purpose, I'll—well, I've just got to, that's all!"

BUT days went by and no inspiration came to her. Even Jim Willard, who had been taking flying lessons for several months, and thought highly of the Flight Club, could not help her. Jim was a year older than Kay—a tall, good-looking boy who was considered something of a hero by most of the high-school girls. But to Kay he was only the boy she had played with ever since go-cart days, and she looked upon him with the indifference of long familiarity.

"I wish I could help you," he told her. "I think you're dead right, but you've got to prove it. Want to borrow my red and green flashlights for the last meeting? They're bigger than yours, and better for testing those dumb chums of yours on light-gun signals."

"Thanks, Jim. I'll take good care of them." Kay knew how he valued his powerful flashlights and appreciated the offer. But when the day of the meeting came, she was in despair, for she had had no inspiration which would help save the Flight Club.

"I wish you didn't have to go way out by the airport on a cold, windy night like this," Mrs. Allen said, as she and Kay got up from the dinner table that evening. "Your father will call for you, but I don't like you to go by yourself."

(Continued on page 35)

Marty was for breaking up the Flight Club while Kay felt it must go on. Before another meeting adjourned, one girl had to triumph



—sorry-wrong number!

by MARY PARKER

Illustrated by HARRY RUNNETTE



This lusty young lass known as Joan
Makes her calls in a leonine tone.
The ether she sunders
While everyone wonders
Why she bothers at all with the phone!



This vague little vixen named Kate
Feels that phone calls—like Heaven—can wait.
So she sips at her coke,
Combs her hair, tells a joke,
And then finally answers—too late.



Now Vivian's vast volubility
Is a marvel of mental fertility.
(The phone, we surmise,
In Vivian's eyes
Is purely a private utility!)

CHANCES are that you chirped your first telephone conversation some time around the period when you were sporting pinuppers with matching panties. And by now you're quite convinced that you've mastered the use of Mr. Bell's black gadget in all its aspects. But that, according to the telephone company experts who have made a scientific study of these matters, is just the trouble. Good telephone technique, they say, is an acquired art—and it doesn't consist simply of "doin' what comes natchery!"

For instance, one of the most difficult things a budding telephone artist has to learn is that phone talk is heard and not seen. Does that seem absurdly obvious? Just take a good look at one of your friends the next time she's telephoning, and dollars to gumdrops you'll catch her gesticulating, waving, grimacing—for all the world as though she were wired for television! That's all very well if it helps to get a lot of expression and personality into her voice, but more often it's considered a substitute for vocal color, and all the audience at the other end of the wire receives is a flat, monotonous recitation.

The same heard-but-not-seen situation may account, too, for one of the commonest telephonic *faux pas* in the book—the failure to announce your identity. For example, when you ring up the Sommers' house to lure Sue out on a double date, will you just assume that she knows your voice? She really has a right to be told who's speaking before she gets too involved. That's just good manners, and prevents all kinds of misunderstandings.

And speaking of misunderstandings, have you ever made some good-natured quip over the phone, and found out days later that your very best friend was deeply offended? What happened, of course, was that she couldn't see the pleasant smile on your face or the twinkle in your eye, and the remark arrived at

(Continued on page 28)



As for Anne—in affairs telephonic
It appears that her phobia's chronic.
From her timorous twitter,
You'd suppose the transmitter
Was infested with Something Bubonic!



A perennial practical jester
Is that dimwitted dolly named Hester.
"Guess who," she will coo—
By the time that you do
You will wish you had never addressed her.



Eloise is a love-stricken frail
Who discusses her woes in detail
And always at night
When you've turned out the light—
For your money, she should be in jail!

by JOAN TARBER



Memo for May

The American Girl

TO: American Girls SUBJECT: Playclothes

Watch the newest playclothes for ruffles, capelets, big skirts, little jackets, lots of pedal pushers. Note, above left, the big frilled pocket on a pique skirt, the soft batiste blouse. Each under \$4. And right, a tiered poplin skirt, a beruffled cotton blouse, each under \$4. All by Derby in teen sizes. Turn the page for more playtime fashions; and for page for them all, see the list of stores on page 33.



For an all-in-one summer play wardrobe, choose either one of these three-piece, bare-midriff outfits. The checked gingham one (right) with the bustle-back skirt over trim, matching shorts, is under \$13, comes in sizes 10 to 16. The striped outfit, for sizes 10 to 14A, is under \$11, has a huge ruffled skirt and side-buttoning bloomer shorts. Both by Sportrix Fashions



Photographs on pages 11, 12, 13
by William Benedict

Shoes by Oomphies



Sportrix makes this summer suit with kick-pleated skirt and peplumed jacket. In McCampbell's butcher linen, it's made for sizes 10 to 16 and costs under \$11

Clamdiggers and a matching jacket of rayon gabardine, designed for teens by Barbara Joan Sportwear—about \$10 for the suit. The striped cotton mesh shirt, by Regina Knit, is under \$2



Above Left: Tiered dirndl, good and full, is by Joseph Love, costs under \$3. The cotton blouse, by Lortogs, is under \$4. Both are made in girls' sizes 7-14

Above Center: Cool chambray, soft ruffles, neat rickrack for this go-everywhere two-piece playsuit. Derby makes it for sizes 7 to 14. Under \$6

Above Right: Sturdy denim for biking, hiking, and other summer fun. Here are well-cut pedal pushers, under \$3, and a jacket, under \$4, to match. Both by Derby in sizes 7 to 14

The Posy-Scattered print (on the left) is a Bonnie Blair Frock bodiced and ruffled for teen sizes. It costs about \$5. The sunbacked dress of multicolor striped chambray (right) with its new-looking square white collar is for sizes 7 to 12, under \$4, and by Cinderella frocks.

For the list of stores where these clothes are sold, and for information about American Girl fashion shows, turn to page 33



Five Finger Tips

Look at your hands. Are they soft and smooth with each nail perfectly groomed? This easy, home manicure routine will help you keep them that way



HANDS talk. And beautiful ones—soft, smooth ones, with ten lovely nails—can tell a convincing story of the charm of good grooming. Do yours? Look at them objectively in the clear light of day. Of course a girl can't change the shape of her hands, but she *can* accent their good points and she can—and must—have a set of neatly manicured fingernails.

Why not start right by learning to give yourself a regular weekly manicure—the basic foundation for nail and hand beauty? Begin by assembling your tools in a good light. If there isn't one in the bathroom, take the tools and a basin of warm soapsuds to a table near a window.

ESSENTIAL EQUIPMENT

Hand lotion or cream	Nailbrush
Emery board	Nail oil, olive oil, or vaseline
Orangewood stick	
Cotton or cotton pads	Cuticle remover
Clippers or sharp nail scissors	Nail buffer
Polish remover	
Optional: Clear foundation polish or tinted nail enamel	

For lovely nails, cleanliness comes first. Water, soap, and a good stiff brush are essential. Hand lotion or cream is indispensable. It's a good plan to keep a small bottle of lotion handy and to use it regularly each time you've dipped your hands in water, especially in the winter months, when hands chap easily and get rough and red. Every time you wash them, dry your hands carefully, then gently push the cuticle down with the towel. This makes manicuring easier by keeping the cuticle in place.

HOME MANICURE

1. If you use polish, the first step is to remove it completely before starting your manicure. Saturate a piece of cotton with oil nail-polish remover. Hold the wet cotton on the nail for a second or two, slowly pressing down to allow it to soften and absorb the old polish. Then, with a sweep toward the nail tip, try to wipe off most of the polish the first time. Keep away from the cuticle, sides, and fingers,

by GEORGIA LEE LAYTON

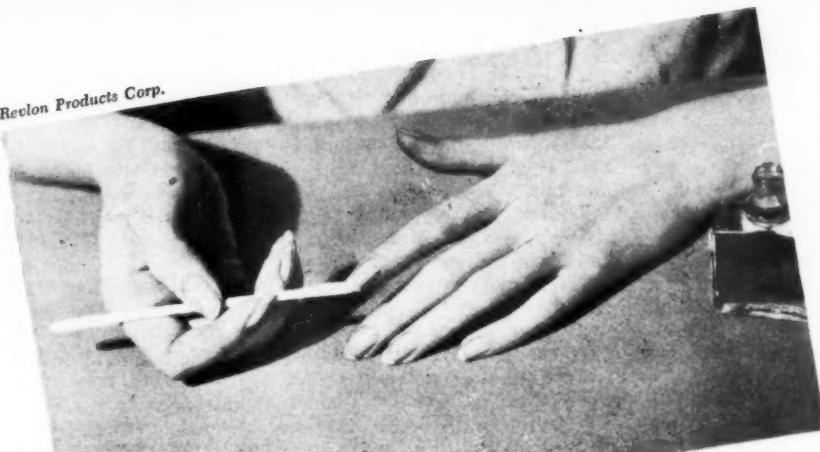


Dry your hands carefully after each washing. Then—gently—push down cuticle with hand towel. This is an important year-round rule



Always file toward the tip of nail, and never into the corners! For an ideal shape, taper the end, following curve of the half-moon at base of nail

Revlon Products Corp.



To clean nails thoroughly, twist cotton around end of orangewood stick and dip into cuticle remover. Then run it under the tip of every nail



Apply polish—in just two or three quick, sweeping strokes—from base of nail. For a steady touch, first rest arms and wrists solidly on a table



While polish is still wet, clean up around the edges with polish remover. This is especially important for those of you who use a colored enamel

so you won't have to go over them afterward with remover. After removing polish, wash the hands, but don't soak them yet, as the shaping of the nails is easier to do if they aren't too soft from soap and water.

2. Shape the nails with an emery board. You can get emery boards at the dime store, about six in a package for ten cents. They are much better for the nails than the old-fashioned steel files. Always file toward the tip of the nail. Never file into the corners, as this weakens even strong nails. Don't run the emery board past the point where the nail tip grows naturally from the cuticle. For the ideal shape, taper the tip in an oval which has the same curve as the half-moon at the base of the nail. Long, pointed nails are no longer considered smart by most beauty authorities. They not only break easily, thereby ruining the appearance of the whole hand until they've grown out again, but they are also a sign of affectation and artificiality that is frowned upon by good form.

AFTER shaping, smooth the edges of the nails with the fine side of the emery board until there is no chance of catching or snagging. Tidy the corners with manicure scissors or clippers, but do not cut the skin or cuticle. Merely snip any little loose ends. If there are any calluses or rough spots at the corners of the nails, rub the thickened skin gently with a piece of pumice. (Pumice is not included in the list of essentials, as you'll rarely need to use it.) Apply nail oil or cream to the cuticle and massage into each finger. Pay special attention to all the corners.

3. Next, soak your fingertips for several minutes in warm, soapy water. Scrub thoroughly with a stiff brush. All oil or cream must be removed, and the nails must be bone-dry, before the surfaces are buffed or polished.

4. Wind a bit of cotton around the end of an orangewood stick and dip it into the bottle of cuticle remover. If you have no cuticle remover, dip the stick into hot, soapy water. Run it around under the tip of the nail to clean and remove stains. Then press the cuticle gently back, working away the part which has loosened from the scrubbing. Do this very carefully, so as not to injure the delicate tissues or bruise the base of the nail. If you have neglected your fingers for a while, it may take a little time to get the cuticle back far enough to show the moons.

Never, never cut or snip at the cuticle. It's a big temptation, but once the protection at the base of the nail is broken, hangnails need very little encouragement from there on. If the cuticle is tough and hard to push back, keep applying cuticle oil, olive oil, vaseline, cream, or lotion until the brittleness disappears. This may take a little time, but when the cuticle has become well lubricated and flexible, it rarely produces a hangnail.

(Continued on page 37)

CONCLUSION

SHE'S O.K." Joan heard a gruff voice say. "Must've passed out just as we came alongside." "Who are they talking about?" she wondered. Then she remembered her sudden plunge into the river. But where was Jerry?

She opened her eyes, and relief surged over her as she saw the boy, wet hair plastered against his pale face, but taking a healthy interest in the motor launch which was carrying them swiftly shoreward.

"Oh, Jerry," she said weakly. "I was so afraid you'd let go the boat and come after me."

"I'd have saved you all right." Jerry swelled his chest. "Only I could see this launch coming after us, but fast!"

The two boatswains who had rescued them turned vinegary looks on the boy.

"If you'd kept watch on the *Reina* as you're supposed to, nobody would have had to be rescued," one of them told him sternly.

Next day Joan lay stretched out on the living-room couch, now and then wriggling her toes out of a sense of sheer well-being. Last evening her aunt had put her to bed and called the doctor, who had assured them she was fit as a fiddle. The air, balmy again after yesterday's storm, felt marvelous, and life seemed good, in spite of her father's cable and her disappointment in Bill.

"Darling, I phoned your grandmother last night and told her you'd stay a few days longer." Mrs. Crawford watched her anxiously, but Joan made no objection. The few minutes of danger and struggle yesterday had completely restored her perspective.

look of bewilderment. "She told me when she and Bill got back from the hospital that afternoon. I came over to tell you, but Eva May said you were napping."

Bill broke in to ask what she had been thinking of—to go sailing alone with a fourteen-year-old.

"It wasn't Jerry's fault," Joan defended the boy. "And you don't have to worry anyway, because I won't be doing any more sailing." Then she told them that she was going back to her grandmother's.

"But you can't do that," Sue protested. "June Week's only two days off, and Bill's dragging you to all the hops! Besides, your father will come as soon as he can."

"He's under orders, you know, Red." Bill threw his weight into the argument.

"We were giving a birthday party for you," Sue wailed. "You can't stand up *all* the Amblers!"

"You're both angels." Joan's voice shook. "But I'd be miserable if I stayed. I wouldn't be any fun at all."

"Just for June Week," begged Sue.

"Listen," Bill broke in. "I know how Red feels. She's had a bad shock, and if she feels she'll get over it quicker away from here, we shouldn't pester her." He gave Joan a one-sided grin full of understanding. "Just let me know if you change your mind," he said.

Next morning Mrs. Crawford had to admit that Joan was well enough to travel, and went to see about the railroad tickets. It was so warm that Joan slipped into a faded red dirndl skirt and a white blouse, and tied her hair in a brilliant mass on top of her small head.

She looked around her pretty room, empty now of all her personal things. The picture of her father was still on the

An *Anchor* for Her Heart

by ELLSWORTH NEWCOMB

ILLUSTRATED by ALAN HUGHES

Like Eva May, she could now look trouble straight in the eye.

"I must never forget that," she thought. Perhaps she would never have anyone but herself to rely on. But she was strong and healthy—and there was her painting. She'd work hard at that and perhaps some day—She had just begun to daydream a career as an artist when Sue and Bill came in.

"Sure you're all right?" Sue clung to Joan's hand.

"Oh, fine," Joan assured her.

"You look mighty good to me!" Bill said. "What a scare you gave me, Red."

He sounded so sincere that Joan felt it was high time she let him know she was aware he had been seeing Mary Lou.

"How's Mary Lou?" she asked him pointedly.

"Practically delirious," Bill grinned without a trace of self-consciousness. "I took her over to the hospital a couple of days ago to see Steve Blake. He just parted with his appendix, you know, and Mary Lou was in a major frenzy till she knew he was okay."

Joan's head whirled.

"It's true. She and Steve are engaged," Sue explained, seeing her



table. The face that looked out at her was a fine one, with a wise, tender mouth.

"Dad couldn't have meant to hurt me," she thought. "It must be that he just doesn't know what it's like to be almost seventeen and not to have anyone who's really and truly your own."

All at once the silent, orderly bedroom was not to be borne.

"Eva May," she called as she ran downstairs—then remembered that Eva May had gone to market. She gave a startled jump as the doorbell shrilled.

"Who can that be?" she wondered, with a rueful thought for her shabby dress as she opened the door.

"Yes?" she said inquisitively to the tall, gray-clad figure at the door. The next moment strong arms caught her in a breathtaking hug.

She looked up into gray eyes under a crest of ruddy hair like her own. "Father?" she gasped wonderingly. "Father!"

Captain Andrews held her at arm's length. "Why, Joan, you're pretty as a picture!"

"Oh, Father," she cried, "I can't believe it! It's so good to see you!"

"I thought you called me Dad these days," he said, smiling down at her. "But I'll answer to anything so long as it's you speaking to me, honey."

He released her to move his baggage into the hall. "I explained about being held up—that is, all I was free to tell you (*Continued on page 22*)

"Dad couldn't have meant to hurt me," thought Joan, looking at the picture of her father's fine face



PINCH ME! Am I really in New York?"

I hope this house party can be worked in reverse. Now I'm dying to visit all these kids in South America."

"Yes, apple pie is okay, but I like your hot dogs most of all."

"My little brother thought people in South America were a bunch of savages. Then this nice, polite fellow from the Dominican Republic comes and blends right into our family life, and believe me, my brother changes his mind fast!"

"I used to think everyone in the United States was a blond and rode around in a Cadillac."

"How come you know so little about Canada down here? People ask me if we freeze up stiff all winter and if we pay taxes to England!"

"My guest says that they'd be expelled from school if they spoke to a teacher the way some of us speak to ours. He thinks we don't have enough respect for older people."

"Can that girl rumba" . . . "I'm going to be a lawyer, too" . . . "Ingrid Bergman is my favorite . . ."

Yes, you're right! That's no ordinary, connected conversation, and it's not meant to be. It's just a smattering of the talk you'd have heard if you'd been riding around New York City with a certain busful of young sightseers on a certain Saturday in March.

When you first climbed aboard that bus, probably you'd have thought those sightseers were an everyday group of enthusiastic high-schoolers out on a spree. They made the usual amount of noise, and they sang the usual songs. They all spoke English. The girls wore bright sweaters and skirts under their warm top-coats, and the boys talked baseball and airplanes.

BUT if you had looked and listened and followed a clue or two, you'd soon have discovered that here were young people from Peru, Bolivia, Haiti, Guatemala, Uruguay, Honduras, and fourteen other Latin-American nations, as well as Canada and the United States. They were the guests and hosts and hostesses in a Western Hemisphere house party—a big laboratory experiment in good neighborliness that brought thirty-two teen-age visitors from all over the New World to live for six weeks in the homes of typical high-schoolers in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. The young ambassadors came by ship, plane, and train to study life in this country, to have a good time, and at the end of the visit, to say their say in the big Herald-Tribune Forum for High Schools which had for its appropriate subject "The Americas In The World We Want."

Foreign delegates were chosen in competitions held by their local schools and



governments, and consideration was given also to qualities of leadership, high scholarship, and fluency in speaking English. Most of them were in their next-to-last year of secondary school and since the trip coincided with the summer vacation of many Latin-American schools, they didn't have to worry about missing classes!

At this end, the Metropolitan School Study Council of New York co-operated

with the "Herald Tribune" in arranging for the guests to live in approved homes of teen-agers of like age—eating the same meals, attending the same schools, clubs, parties, and movies—all in all, living the life of a typical United States high-school boy or girl. The plan specified that guests must be accompanied at all times when outside the school or home, that each visitor must have a room to himself or herself, and it was suggested

Hemisphere Houseparty

by Ruth Baker

Photos courtesy New York Herald Tribune



Jose Luis Rivera (left), son of Peru's President, visited Robert Blomquist in New Jersey, liked Mrs. B.'s cooking



In a round-the-table chat, Erica Mitchell of Canada, 3rd from left, said she was amazed at "how alike we all are"

host school display the national flag of its guest along with the flag of the United States.

How did all these fine ideas actually work out? Let's stop in at a suburban house near New York and see how Jacqueline Stuebben, sixteen, and her guest, Armonia Oses C. of Panama are spending a day. Armonia has just had her seventeenth birthday—and that "C." at the end of her name, by the way, is the initial of her mother's maiden name, which it's an old Spanish custom for children to keep.

ARMONIA is a very pretty girl who heads her class in school. Painting, playing the piano, and dancing are her hobbies, and some day she wants to be a diplomat, but right now there are other problems on her mind. Jackie, her hostess, has just waked her, and this girl from Panama is groaning, stretching, and yawning just the way you do when it's time to get up on a school morning.

Knowing that her guest isn't used to the North American way of doing everything in a hurry, Jackie has allowed Armonia an hour and a half to wash up, arrange her shiny, dark, long bob, put on her blue tweed suit, and eat a breakfast of fruit, cereal, an egg, and milk. But even with all that time, Jackie has to say "Corre! Corre!" (Hurry! Hurry!) in her best Spanish as they make their beds and then rush into their coats and out to catch the bus on the corner. Though Armonia has borrowed mittens and a scarf from the Stuebbens, she shivers in the unaccustomed cold and is glad to get to the warm school building and go to regular morning classes with Jackie.

Then follows lunch in the big cafeteria, and—instead of a siesta—an afternoon visit to a grade school, where Armonia tells the children how boys and girls work and play in Panama. After that, Jackie guides her guest back to the high school to watch the girls play basketball, which Armonia says is only a boys' sport where she comes from. That leaves just time to hurry home and change for a turkey dinner and a sociable evening with other girls and boys at the Spanish teacher's house. Then home to bed—but Armonia doesn't forget to record the day's events in her diary before she turns out her light.

Several of the delegates from South America and Canada feel that United States students have a real lack of respect for their teachers, but Armonia doesn't agree with this. In fact, one of the things

(Continued on page 23)

All Set



4915



9245



4915: This smooth frock, with tiered skirt and cool sleeves, features a row of bows down the back of the skirt! It's simple to sew and there's a choice of a lower neckline on the pattern if you prefer. Sizes 10 to 16. Size 12 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 35" material. Price: 25c

9245: This is as easy as A, B, C for a girl graduate-to-be. Choose either long or short version for the big event and wear it happily all summer after. In sizes 11 to 17. For short dress in size 13, you will need $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 35" fabric; for the long, $6\frac{1}{2}$ yds. 25c

1758: For fun in the sun make this simple sun dress, add a bolero to match or contrast. The bodice has a hug-me-tight waist, and the skirt is deep-pleated in front. Sizes 10 to 16. For size 12 dress you will need $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39" fabric; for bolero, one yard. Price: 25c

for Summer



4758



4610



4751



4887

4610: Here's a smart, three-piece outfit for daytime or for movie dates on summer evenings. Make the bolero to match either the gathered skirt or the button-front blouse. Size 11 to 17. Size 13 skirt requires 2 yards 39" material; bolero, 1½ yards; blouse, 1¼. 25c

4751: This pretty dress is practically foolproof. It's a one-piece design and has no buttonholes or plackets to worry you, no waist or shoulder seams, no sleeves to set in. Sizes 8 to 14. For size 10, 2½ yards of 35" fabric are required. Price: 25c

4887: A "jiffy" dress—easy to slip on and off and easy to iron because it opens down the side. Simple to make, too, and an ideal sewing project for a beginner, as it's almost a sewing lesson in itself. Sizes 8 to 14. For size 10, 2½ yards 35" fabric. Price: 25c

These are American Girl Patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine and may be purchased from the American Girl, Pattern Department, 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, enclose exactly 25c for each pattern you want, and be sure to state size desired. We pay postage. Sorry, no C. O. D.'s.

Anchor for Her Heart

(Continued from page 17)

—in the air-mail letter I wrote you, when I thought I wouldn't be able to get here for your birthday."

He plopped down the last bag and closed the door. "Why, Joan, you're crying!" He caught her to him and held her tightly.

"That letter never came," she told him huskily. "After we got your cable I couldn't bear to stay here any longer. I'm all packed to go back to Grandmother's."

"I am sorry!" Captain Andrews led her into the living room. "After I'd written that I'd be home by the end of the month, I was asked to undertake an important job. I'd rather have done almost anything than send that cable, but my work had to come first—even before you. Thank heaven, the assignment took less time than I'd thought it would. It's still a secret, but some day I'll tell you about it. Right now I'm going to put through a call to Boston and talk to your grandmother."

It seemed like a happy dream to Joan. She felt blissfully loved and wanted as she heard her father declare, as he ended his conversation with her grandmother, "Of course she's going to stay. Right here with me, where she belongs."

At last she had someone of her own! "All set, darling!" Captain Andrews reported. "I don't think your grandmother is overjoyed at my being back, but she's busy with some new organization, so we won't need to worry about her."

There was the sound of footsteps in the hall and Mrs. Crawford came in. "Jack!" she cried. "This is a wonderful surprise!"

Suddenly Joan caught sight of her reflection in the mirror. Good gracious! She had forgotten about her shabby dress and the bun on top of her head. After all her months of planning, this was the way she had greeted her father!

She excused herself and ran up to her room. Humming a tune, she unpacked a bag and put on a fresh dress. Now and then she heard her father's voice. It wasn't a dream! And if anything could make it more perfect, tomorrow began June Week!

On Friday morning it was as if a curtain had gone up on a gay scene from a play which would last for six event-crammed days. The Yard, with its tree-shaded green lawns, its backdrop of gleaming water, was a gorgeous stage where crisp white uniforms stood out among groups of starry-eyed girls, smiling parents, and awed small fry.

Joan had never felt so proud as when, standing next to her distinguished father in Tecumseh Court, she watched Bill receive his coveted football "N."

"That's quite a lad," Captain Andrews told the beaming Amblers. And then he himself beamed with delight when he heard about Joan's helping Bill with his French. Later, when he asked her more about it, she found herself pouring out the whole story.

"I used to get my feelings hurt at the drop of a hat," she confessed. "I didn't think anyone could ever really like me best. Grandmother had her work, and you the Navy."

Her father pushed back her bright curls. "I've been liking you best all your life," he said. "But I didn't think it was right for you to knock around the world the way I have to do. Something might have happened to you."



ON THE COVER

is Mary Elizabeth Mohr, a pretty model who plans a career—not in movies, as you might suppose—but in schoolteaching. College comes first, though, and Mary's saving all she can to help with tuition expenses. One summer it was a job as page in the New York Stock Exchange that helped fatten her college fund; now it's modeling fees.

Mary likes: horses (obviously), swimming in the sea, her Irish setter, tennis, shopping, shower baths. She dislikes loud voices, and always notices people's eyes first.

Bonnie Blair makes the May cover dress—a cotton percale sunback with bolero. It comes in sizes 10 to 16, costs about \$5, complete, at the stores listed on page 33. The print, blue and red on a white ground, imitates a sampler's cross-stitching, and you can choose the bolero, which has quilted appliquéd trim, in solid blue or red.

"To think I almost missed this," Joan said to Bill at the Boat House that evening. The "N" dance, to which only midshipmen who had won their letter, and their guests, could go, was in full swing. With little tables set out on a float hung with Chinese lanterns, and speedboats ready to take the dancers across the moonlit water, it was a scene of romance and fairyland.

In contrast to Saturday, when the Second Classmen had had their famous Ring Dance and received their brand-new class rings from their best girls, Sob Sunday, as the mids termed the final Sabbath of the school year, was solemn. As the midshipmen choir began to sing the Naval Academy hymn—"The Navy Blue and Gold"—Joan found her father's hand. Stan and the other First Classmen were hearing it here for the last time, and the brave words were threaded through with sadness:

"For years together by the bay
"Where Severn joins the tide,
"Then by the Service called away,
"We're scattered far and wide . . ."

Though they had not talked about it, Joan knew her father's leave would soon be up. They had had only days, instead of years, together and after this happy interval the thought of separation was hard to bear.

When June Week was over, Joan's memories were bright and confused as the pattern of a kaleidoscope. There had been the magnificent Color Parade; the gay Farewell

Ball, and last the beautiful ceremony on Graduation Day.

But now the magical week was over—and tomorrow she would be seventeen! Joan knew that her father planned to leave soon after her birthday. She knew, too, that he was scheduled for a tour of shore duty. If only he would take her with him wherever he was to be stationed. Surely he wouldn't have to worry about her now that she was almost grown up. She thought of asking him if she might go, but fought back the plea. If he felt he had to say no, it would only make them both the sadder. His visit had been perfect, and she determined to keep it that way to the very end.

"But oh, I'm going to miss him so," she thought, suddenly forlorn in spite of all her high resolves. And as if one good-by were not enough, Bill, too, would be leaving on Monday for summer cruise.

The Crawfords celebrated Joan's birthday at a gala breakfast the next morning, and late in the afternoon she went up to dress for the Amblers' supper party.

"What is going on?" she thought, hearing subdued murmurs and bustlings from downstairs as she slid into a white dress with a tiny blue monogram on the pocket, and tied a matching ribbon on her hair.

When she walked into the living room it was deserted. "Where is everyone?" she wondered. The next moment laughing people surrounded her.

"Happy birthday to you!" chorused Amblers, Crawfords, Bink, and her father.

Eva May, smiling her broadest, flung open the dining-room door and Joan saw the gay table laden with a buffet supper.

"When your father came home we decided to move our party over here," Sue explained.

"And was that turkey heavy!" said Bill. "Gosh, Red, you look super!"

"Can't she please have her presents now?" Sue begged.

The dogs sniffed curiously as tissue rustled and bright ribbons came loose, while Joan exclaimed over Bill's gift of a silver compact with the Academy seal on it, perfume from Sue, and all the other lovely presents.

She was doing her best to thank them all when her father put an envelope into her hand. What had he thought of as a farewell gift? She would love anything he gave her, but there was nothing that could make parting from him less heartbreaking.

She opened the envelope and slid out a transcontinental airlines ticket. Her father laid a matching one beside it. "Do you think you'll like flying to California with me?" he barely had time to ask before her arms went around his neck.

"Golly, I'm going to miss you," Sue told Joan later, when they were eating supper. "But you'll love San Diego, and maybe we'll come out while your father is stationed there."

Joan still could not take it all in. She was actually going with her father! When Eva May brought in the cake, bright with its seventeen blue-and-gold candles, she could not think of a single thing more to wish for.

The trees were silhouetted darkly against the moonlit sky when Joan and Bill strolled down to the river.

"I'm going to think about you a lot when I'm at sea," Bill told her. "Will you write to me often, Red?"

"Of course I will," Joan promised, and her happy eyes were as bright as the silver Severn flowing serenely to join the sea.

THE END

May, 1947

Hemisphere Houseparty

(Continued from page 19)

she noted in her diary was the friendship, in and out of school, that exists here between teachers and students. In the home, too, she's noticed that children and parents seem to treat one another more like friends than they do in Panama, and the other visitors agreed that there is a closeness and confidence in our family life that Hollywood movies hardly ever succeed in picturing.

"In homes here," observed a dark-eyed Argentinian, "we've also been interested in seeing how the wife has to do her own housekeeping. We're more used to having servants than you are here, because they are lots easier to get. And we've been impressed by the way a man will go into the kitchen and offer to help wipe the dishes! Here the woman, the wife, seems to be the most important part of the home."

"Yes," put in Susana Donoso from Ecuador. "But what impresses me even more is the way there is no prejudice about what women can or can't do outside their homes. Girls here have a lot more opportunities to do things. They can take jobs as clerks in department stores in summer or even serve at a soda fountain after school and it's all right. In a lot of our countries a lady just wouldn't think of doing anything like that. However, I know that the Latin-American girls who have come up to the Forum plan to be journalists or educators or scientists or secretaries, and I think that shows the way our ideas about women are heading."

On the other side of the ledger, the North American hosts and hostesses were being very much impressed, too—with the famous Latin-American courtesy.

"These visitors are about the most well-mannered people I've ever seen," remarked a New Jersey boy. "Take my guest, for instance. When somebody drops something, sometimes I make a token attempt to lean over for it, but he leaps out of a chair and is across the room, picking it up in nothing flat! They're leisurely about a lot of things, these Latinas, but they're certainly way ahead of us in politeness!"

LITTLE Kitty Morales of Costa Rica, however, had her ideas about North American manners. "Maybe the men here don't jump up and give their bus seats to the women and girls," she observed, "but just the same, I think they are very open and sincere and I think the friendly way boys treat girls here is wonderful. In my country, many boys feel they must only keep telling you how pretty your eyes are and compliments like that, but here young people talk together equally on all kinds of subjects, and girls are expected to have opinions of their own. Of course to me it's very exciting the way your boys and girls can play games and skate and go to the movies together, because in Costa Rica, as in many other Latin nations, a girl still doesn't go out unchaperoned. Every time I'm invited to a party, my mother has to go with me!"

Kitty doesn't go to a coeducational school, because there aren't any in her country, and—like most of the other South American members of the house party—she carries some sixteen school subjects at once. Twelve of these are regular "prepared" courses and the others—art, music, embroidery and the

(Continued on page 26)

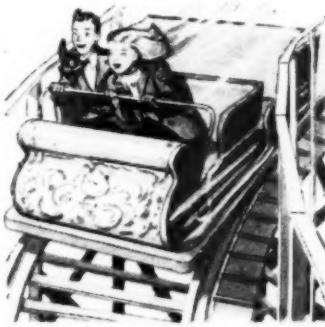
Are you in the know?



How would you refuse a date?

- Brush him off
- Invent an excuse
- Say you'll be busy

Ever trip yourself up on your own tall story, after turning down a bid? When refusing a date no fancy excuses needed.



Does this make sense on certain days?

- No
- Yes
- Could be

Gals in-the-know take certain days in stride, but—"fierce fun" doesn't make sense. Why jolt your innards? (There's always the merry-go-round!) Choosing milder amusements is playing safe. Like choosing Kotex. You see, you get extra protection from that exclusive safety center of Kotex. And that comfortable Kotex Wonder Belt lets you bend freely because it's elastic—snug-fitting—non-binding. For confidence that's positively *supersonic*, try Kotex and Kotex Belts!

Just say you'll be busy; then you're in the clear. Never "no" a date merely because it's "that" time of the month. Keep going—comfortably—with Kotex, and the softness that stays faithfully yours. For Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. And those special flat pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines!



For a too-broad nose, better—

- Clamp a clothespin on it
- Eye-shadow the sides
- Widen your brows

If you guessed this one, you're up on your grooming! And on difficult days, score yourself a plus if you never need guess about sanitary protection. For that means you depend on Kotex—knowing there's a Kotex napkin exactly suited to your own special needs. Yes, only Kotex comes in 3 sizes: Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. Three smart ways to improve your confidence. (Smart as widening your brows to improve that too-broad nose!)



*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

More women choose
KOTEX *than all other
sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT IN EVERY KOTEX NAPKIN AT NO EXTRA COST



Western Style

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA: I have just finished reading *The Riding Habit*, in the March edition of THE AMERICAN GIRL. I am a Westerner, ride Western stock, and use Western tack, and I wish you would have an article on Western riding. Not show-horse stuff, but just fun riding—in open fields and trails for about two hours at a time.

For instance, I ride almost only on Saturdays and Sundays on my mare, Silver Tip. I ride in an open field of about twenty acres, where the ground is quite hard, it has been leveled and has a fence on one side only. Often there are small pieces of wire or holes which could easily, if stepped in, break a horse's leg, so you need to guide your horse around these obstacles quickly. For that purpose you need a method of guidance easier on the mouth than the Eastern way of pulling on the reins, and so our method of neck reining was devised. An experienced rider will be able to press the rein against the horse's neck, thereby causing him to turn in the desired direction without any pull on the mouth.

ELLEN WEAVER

Too Horsey?

SEYMOUR, TEXAS: I just finished reading my March issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL and enjoyed it very much. I especially liked this installment of *An Anchor for Her Heart* and the *Penny for Your Thoughts* page. *The Case for the Kid Sister* really helped my kid sisters and me.

As for the horses—boy, oh boy! But don't you think those of us who like horses are carrying it a bit too far? After all, there are some who do not care so much for these creatures or their stories. If we don't watch out we'll have to change our magazine from "American Girl" to "American Horse." I think we should have a few animal stories, but at the same time not too many of them.

LAMOYNE THOMAS

A Kid Sister

DULUTH, MINNESOTA: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for almost a year, and enjoy it greatly. I have just finished my March issue. *River Pirates*, *The Shop at Robin Hill*, *An Anchor for Her Heart*, and *The Riding Habit* were very good.

The article that was especially interesting to me was *The Case for the Kid Sister*. I have an older sister with whom I am always fighting. I don't like it, and it greatly disturbs my parents. Your article on the problem helped.

Thank you for a wonderful magazine—the

best there is for girls of our age. I am thirteen and a Girl Scout.

ANNA LEE BASTIEN

An Older Sister

MILLBURN, NEW JERSEY: I have been sick in bed for two days with a cold. This afternoon when my mother brought my copy of THE AMERICAN GIRL, I started reading it right away. I have just finished it, and can't wait for the next issue to read more of *An Anchor for Her Heart*. I thought *The Shop at Robin Hill* and *The Case for the Kid Sister* were very good. The latter was very helpful, because I am always fighting with my sister.

I am thirteen and have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for three years. Thanks again for a swell magazine.

JUDY JONES

One Criticism

STRATFORD, CONNECTICUT: I am fifteen years old and a freshman at Stratford high school. THE AMERICAN GIRL, I am proud to say, has been my friend and companion for two years. *An Anchor for Her Heart* and the Jenny Jamison and Pat Downing stories are a few of those I enjoy and certainly would miss if they weren't kept going. Please don't end them now. I really like your covers, especially the ones with animals on them. Do you suppose we could have a bulldog on one of the covers?

However, I do have one dislike. That is the department *Teen Shop Talk*. I don't like the way it's arranged. Otherwise your magazine is at the very top of my list. Keep up the good work.

PAT DURKIN

No Change Wanted

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI: I think THE AMERICAN GIRL is wonderful. Please don't change it at all.

A few girls asked for stories on horses, dogs, cats, and a lot of other animals. Please, please, don't have a lot of covers and stories on animals. Girls who are crazy about animals can get special books packed with stories on the subject.

The January cover was all right for once, but the March cover was super. The fashions in the March book were the best yet. Please don't change anything.

BERNICE BEXTER

Scotland Likes Us

BROUGHY FERRY, SCOTLAND: I received your wonderful magazine for my fifteenth birthday last year, and really it's the best

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.

magazine I've read. It was one of my best presents and everyone I lend it to thinks the world of it.

I am working in an office in Dundee, and my pals all crowd around to read it, and book it for certain days when we travel in the train to our work. The thing we like most in your magazine is the variety, and we wouldn't change one single word of it.

Thanks very much for a most interesting magazine. Keep up the good work.

JESSIE R. LORIMER

Birthday Gift

DURAND, ILLINOIS: I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade at Durand grade school. We are organizing a Girl Scout troop now in Durand.

I want to compliment you for your magazine, because I think it is swell. I received it as a birthday gift and my first issue came the day before my birthday. There are only two things the matter with this magazine. It does not come often enough, and I would like more stories like *River Pirates* in the March, 1947 issue.

Our school receives THE AMERICAN GIRL, too, and the boys as well as the girls read it.

Once more I want to thank you for this swell magazine.

JOYCE NYMAN

Color Charts

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: Orchids to THE AMERICAN GIRL! I've just received my March issue and it's really swell. I like the three pages of fashions very much. It's a good idea to have some clothes for subteens, too, as I've noticed that before this issue the teen-agers held the spotlight. Ten, eleven, and twelve year olds need their own type of clothes.

I wish that you'd have a page of color charts one month instead of fashions. It's really important to know what type of colors go with your hair, eyes, and complexion. It's nice to know what color dress you should buy, too.

I am thirteen years old and in the ninth grade.

JAYNE GOLDWYN

We're O.K.

CORTLAND, NEW YORK: Because my home town is buried beneath a recent twenty-six inch snowfall (on top of sixteen inches from a previous flurry) our school is closed today. So I decided, because of no homework, that I would write and tell you what I think about the prize of all magazines anywhere. I have subscribed to THE AMERICAN GIRL

for three years. At first I didn't care for some of your articles, but I did enjoy the stories. Now, since its modernization, there isn't a single feature that escapes my eye. Your covers are simply luscious, the one on the March issue being the cleverest of all. Rosemary Dunn is a very pretty and wholesome looking girl. She seems to be brimming with personality. I particularly liked *An Anchor for Her Heart* and *Clover Creek*. Your serials are the kind that would draw anyone's attention. Your fashions are always the latest, but I would like having more patterns in the magazine.

I am just past my fourteenth birthday, and a freshman in high school. I am a Curved Bar Scout, and up until January I was an Intermediate Girl Scout. In January our school organized a Senior Scout troop, and we are all working toward the Catholic Girl Scout award.

Again I would like to thank you for your sensible, practical, and economical magazine which honestly, though some do complain a little, suits everyone.

MARY ANN KANE

Help on Sports

NEW CITY, NEW YORK: I don't know what I would do without THE AMERICAN GIRL. It has so many helpful articles on things I might never know about, and the stories are so entertaining.

I especially enjoyed the article about skiing in the February issue, since I am just starting to try to ski. *The Riding Habit*, in March, was also good. I would enjoy more "how to do" articles on sports which explain them as clearly as those did.

SUE LEEMAN

Camp in Scotland

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA: I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for three years, and have always thoroughly enjoyed every feature. My only complaint, if you can term it such, is that I could enjoy a few more stories.

Last summer my mother and I went on a trip to England and Scotland, spending most of the time in the latter. I was fortunate enough to be invited to spend a long week end with a troop of Girl Guides at their annual camp. This was indeed a great thrill for me, learning their way of camping (which was under canvas), and getting to know the girls as only Girl Scouts can. We all took turns gathering wood for the campfire, on which our food was cooked, and also for the dish washing and drying. Games and hikes were planned daily. The camp grounds were situated on the shores of a very beautiful lake, Loch Lubnaig, the summer estate of a friend of my mother's, hence my invitation to camp there.

The Guides were all very interested in hearing about the Girl Scouts. Fortunately I had some copies of THE AMERICAN GIRL with me and was happy to let the girls read them.

The troop with whom I camped was known as the Sauchie Girl Guides, Alloa, Scotland. Every one of the girls was a good sport, and a true Scout. Since my return I have taken World Knowledge Badge. I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade at Groveland Park school. I hope to become a First Class Scout at the Court of Awards to be held in June.

Long live THE AMERICAN GIRL and the Girl Scouts. Both are tops.

LAURETTE JACKSON
THE END



How close can you get to a clown?

Go ahead, get close up when you're taking snapshots—

For pictures of clowns, and of anyone for that matter, turn out more interestingly when you're close up. But here's a warning—don't get too near, until you know things like these:

1. Never get closer than 6 feet with a box camera, unless you use a portrait attachment over the lens.
2. If your camera has a focusing adjustment, pace distance between subject and camera for accuracy.
3. Don't try to get all the background. Concentrate on the main subject.

These are just three of the many tips you'll find in Anasco's exciting book, "Better Photography Made Easy." Get your copy today.

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TOP SCORER WITH THE FAMILY!



WE'RE A
"fresh up" family!

Sure! We're all "7-Up Steadies" in our family. Mom lets us kids have 7-Up as often as we want because it's wholesome. Seven-Up is the favorite with lots of my friends, too. So we have a "fresh up" with 7-Up no matter whose house we're at.

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Hemisphere Houseparty

(Continued from page 23)

like—are "unprepared." Filling this heavy schedule keeps Kitty on the job at school from seven thirty to four, except for a two-hour siesta at noon, and she spends at least three hours on homework every evening. "Our methods of learning are different, too," she said. "Our classes are more like formal lectures than yours, and then, girls don't have school sports or after-school clubs the way you do."

SCHOOL systems, naturally, came in for a good share of discussion whenever these Latins and Canadians and Yankees got together. Is the specialized, elective program of the United States high school—with its vocational courses, sports, and extracurricular activities—the best preparation for life? Do the students in South American countries gain a greater richness of knowledge from their heavy, cultural curricula? Or is the Canadian system, where vocational and commercial high schools are entirely separate from college-preparatory schools, a happy medium? The young people debated the problem frankly, but one point they all agreed on was that people of the Americas should know more about one another.

"I wish people in the United States would study more of the geography and history of the countries of this hemisphere," sighed stylish Beatrice Lopez of Uruguay, who plans to be a literature teacher. "You'd be amazed at the foolish questions that even grownups ask me. They ask me if we have clocks in my country, or if we live in houses! Of course I'm glad to tell them, because that's one reason I'm here, but it does seem sad to know so little about your neighbors."

When the house party ended, though, these teen-age neighbors knew a great deal about one another, and the surprising part was that each day brought out more ideals and feelings and beliefs and jokes they had in common. "It seems to me I've spent my whole visit finding out how much alike we are," said Erica Mitchell from Ottawa, "and I just wish it could go on forever!"

And when Delegate Jose Rivera, handsome son of Peru's President, made his gallant farewell to his New Jersey host, he probably summed up the thoughts of the thirty-one other young visitors.

"It is with real sorrow that I leave your home," he said. "I have been so very happy here." Certainly every host and hostess felt just as real a sorrow at seeing the guests go, but maybe they would meet again soon. And meanwhile, there would be lots of letter writing.

THE END

BEGINNING IN MAY

If you started a "Little Theater" group to stage really professional performances in a made-over barn, you might expect to stumble on a few difficulties. But when the Darnell sisters dreamed up the Locust Lane players, they hurdled one obstacle only to be laid low by another. Their suspense-filled ups and downs are coming in a new serial. Watch for it next month.

SHOESTRING THEATER

by Nancy Hartwell

May, 1947

Down to Earth

by EDNA BLAIR

Sketches by LAURENCE BLAIR
from "The Food Garden," courtesy of The Macmillan Co.

AREN'T these the beautiful days, though? Very warm for May—the kind of weather that always sends you right outdoors in your blue jeans to dig, spade, hoe the good earth, and uncover old flower beds for your mother.

But why not go a step further this year, and plan a real garden that you can call your own? There's the back yard crying out for attention, and that empty side lot. Or why not apply for a plot in your school or community garden center? From clearing the land of stones and roots to harvesting that last pumpkin next fall, you'll find gardening a proud experience—and not anywhere nearly as hard as you thought. One hour a day, after the planting, will keep your hoeing, weeding, staking, and other jobs well in hand. If you follow the hints here you'll have a practically foolproof garden, and save yourself time, energy, and money.

Speaking of that last commodity, have you thought of gardening as a pin-money project? Especially if you're going to be at home most of the summer, the idea presents lots of exciting possibilities. For instance, you might arrange to deliver fresh flower arrangements to a few regular customers once a week. Or you could contract to keep some of your friends' mothers in salad stuffs, at market prices. Your own mother will probably be glad to buy fresh vegetables for the supper table as often as you can supply them.

Let's say the vegetable garden idea appeals to you, then (partly, perhaps, because you love corn-on-the-cob so much). First, don't be carried away by your enthusiasm and plan too big a garden, especially if this is your first one. A plot 15 x 30 feet will probably be as much as you'll want to care for alone. Select a spot which receives sunshine most of the day. If you live in a windy area, a fence or hedge will make a good wind-break, but don't choose a site too near a hedge or trees, as the roots will take both moisture and plant food away from the vegetables.

If you check with a garden-minded neighbor, he'll probably tell you that the soil in your locality needs lime. Most soil does need this sweetening treatment—as early in the season as possible. Actually, last fall would have been the best time to apply it, but it may be put on the ground now and the spring rains will wash it in. At your hardware store you can buy a good-sized bag of lime, complete with directions for use, for about fifty cents, and come fall, you'll pat yourself on the back for your wise spring investment. Do not apply lime and fertilizer both at the same time.

When you're ready to spade the ground, be sure it is neither too wet nor too dry. Test it by squeezing a handful of soil. If it forms a solid ball which does not crumble easily, you'll know it is still too wet. It should be dug when it's moist enough to be turned and broken up easily, and before it forms dry clods. Spade a small section at a time, mixing in the fertilizer as you go along, then rake well to make a fine surface and keep in as much moisture as possible. Plant as soon as you can after the soil is prepared, because if you let it stand too long it must be spaded over again.

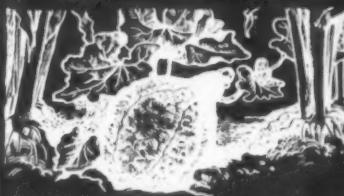
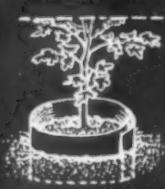
Before you pl it, though, sit down with pencil and paper and draw up a simple planting diagram, planning so that each vegetable gets the most sunlight possible. For instance, you'll

(Continued on page 32)

Tomato plants must be pruned and staked up as they grow. Use a simple trellis (left) or single stakes (above), and tie with jute or soft cotton



Outwit Mr. Cutworm by circling plant stems with paper collars.



To save space, sow pumpkin or winter squash in between rows of corn.

When transplanting cabbage plants, see that the roots aren't bunched up. Cutting off top half of each leaf is a strength-giving trick.



In a long hot spell, seedlings may need shady tents.

When corn develops roots above ground level, hill up the earth for several inches around them. This gives food and anchorage.





Westinghouse photo

SHE'S A WINNER!

By PHOEBE NICHOLS

Rada poses with her winning fruit-fly exhibit

VERA RADASLAVA DEMEREC is her real name, but her family and friends call her "Rada." She's sixteen, blond, blue-eyed, a senior in high school. And she's a winner because in the 1947 Science Talent Search, sponsored jointly by the Science Clubs of America and the Westinghouse Educational Foundation, she walked off with the top honor for girls—a Grand Scholarship of \$2400. Rada wants to use her scholarship at Swarthmore College and to specialize in zoology there.

Yes, Rada is a lucky girl. But it wasn't luck that put her in the scientific limelight. More than 16,000 high-school seniors from every State in the United States competed for the awards, which were based on the results of a stiff science aptitude test, recommendations of teachers, general scholastic record, an original one-thousand word essay on "My Scientific Project," plus interviews with a distinguished board of judges. Then forty gifted finalists were invited to attend a five days', all-expense Science Talent Institute in Washington, D. C., and on March 4th, at a big Awards Banquet, the names of the most promising junior scientists among this year's graduating high-school seniors were announced. Rada's name led all the girls', while top boy winner was Martin Karplus, a dark, sixteen-year-old Eagle Scout from Massachusetts.

Rada's scientific specialty is genetics, a branch of biology which studies the continuity of life and applies its findings to developing new and improved varieties, strains, and breeds of plants and animals. Geneticists most often use the *Drosophila*, or fruit fly—which you've seen buzzing around banana stands—for their experiments, and Rada's winning studies of genetics were based on work with fruit flies, too.

Don't think that life is all science for this

five foot three inch teen-ager, though. She loves to ride horseback, use her camera, and play the flute. She's rigged and kept in repair a sixteen-foot boat which she sails in Long Island Sound. She likes baseball and acting in school assembly skits. She's on the staff of her classbook, president of the girls' honor society, and has been a Girl Scout, too—both Intermediate and Senior.

But science is really Rada's favorite hobby. "Considering that I was born and brought up in Cold Spring Harbor on Long Island, it would have been hard for me *not* to be interested in nature and science," she says. "Cold Spring Harbor, situated between a series of fresh-water lakes and our long harbor, is a natural place for nature study, and lots of scientific atmosphere is supplied by the State Fish Hatchery and the laboratory of the Department of Genetics, Carnegie Institution of Washington." Since her father is director of that department and her mother teaches science in elementary school, you might say that science runs in Rada's family.

As an Intermediate Scout, Rada earned the bird finder, tree finder, salt-water life finder, fresh-water life finder, insect, and rock finder badges. "Of all those fields of nature study I liked the birds the most," she admits, "and I've kept up that interest. I've skinned and stuffed over fifty birds and I'm trying to work out a new technique of mounting stuffed birds."

Last summer Rada traveled to the Sierra Nevada Mountains on a scientific field trip, helping some geneticists collect samples of fruit flies in altitudes all the way up to ten thousand feet. The group cooked over open fires and slept in sleeping bags, so Rada was glad of her Girl Scout camping experience. As for her scientific work, so accurate and helpful was it that she's been invited to join another scientific field trip in California this summer.

If you ask this attractive teen-ager about her career plans, she'll tell you that she looks forward to doing original research which may add to our knowledge of living things. But just now she'd rather talk about that trip to Washington. "It was the thrill of a lifetime—meeting the President of the United States, talking to famous scientists, and having one swell time," she'll say.

THE END

Sorry, Wrong Number

(Continued from page 10)

her end cold and humorless. A thin, wispy voice, or careless enunciation, can also promote misunderstandings that wouldn't occur if you were engaged in face-to-face conversation.

Actually, the experts say, a phone chat is as different from an in-person conversation as a radio skit is different from a regular play. The voice must take the place of color, movement, background, gestures. And so, they urge, make your tones as melodious and expressive as possible, and keep your "script" clear, precise, and detailed. If you must indulge in irony or other subtle forms of humor, be sure the words themselves convey the sense you intend, and accompany the comment with a laugh.

ONE of the most ticklish features of telephone etiquette is the business of calling up the boys. When is it okay and when is it strictly taboo? What is the perfect manner when there's a man on the wire?

Well, for the most part it's a matter of common sense rather than rules, but the basic principle is that it's just as bad to pursue a guy by telephone as in person. Never call a boy by phone whom you couldn't, and wouldn't, quite easily address in the school corridor. And never call one up "just to talk." If he has that kind of time on his hands, let him call you. If, on the other hand, you really do have an honest-to-goodness reason to phone, make the conversation bright and friendly, of course, but try not to be any more coy, gigglesome, or verbose than you would be face to face. And once you've said, "Well, I really must hang up"—hang up!

Some legitimate reasons for calling up a boy would include an invitation to a party; a genuine request for advice, assistance, or information; a change in arrangements for a date; or anything that really requires immediate attention. A good rule of thumb to follow is that old saw—when in doubt, don't.

Here are a few more tips the telephone experts offer: If you dial the number, do it slowly and carefully with your forefinger or the eraser end of a pencil—never the writing point. Let the dial click back into place after each number. Don't hurry it. Be sure not to mistake the letter I for the number one, or the letter O for zero, or to transpose the letters of the exchange, which telephone company officials estimate is the commonest cause of those annoying wrong numbers.

If you aren't sure of the number, look it up. Surveys show that, second for second, it takes you much longer to get the info from information, or to use the by-gosh-and-by-golly method, than it does to consult your own list or the directory. It's a good idea to keep your personal list in a card-index box, so that when a friend acquires a new address or number you can easily record it on a fresh card.

When you get your number, say immediately, "May I speak to Joe Blow, please? This is Mehitable Zilch." Of course you'd say Mr. Blow if he's an older person or an only-slight acquaintance.

If you are answering the phone and the call is for someone else, ask at once who is calling and then say, "Just a moment, I'll see

May, 1947

if she's here." If the callee is not about, or doesn't want to be, return to the phone and say, "I'm sorry, but she doesn't seem to be here at the moment." Then offer to take a message, recording it in your best Palmer Method—not somewhere in your cerebrum—and delivering it or pasting it in plain sight on the family bulletin board or message center.

Whatever you say over the phone, speak in a firm, clear voice of about the volume you'd use for across-the-card-table conversation in a fairly quiet room. If you'd like a rough idea of how your voice sounds to others, try the old radio performer's trick of standing in a corner, your hands cupped behind your ears, and addressing remarks to the wall angle. If the words sound muffled or faint, you're probably not enunciating properly, or perhaps you're forming the sounds too far back in your throat. Practice projecting the words forward, but don't shout. Any loud, sharp sound (including giggles and guffaws) sets up a crackling in the receiver that makes it almost impossible for the listener to distinguish syllables. Hold the mouthpiece one inch from your mouth and speak straight into the transmitter—never at an angle, because that will dissipate and distort the sounds. And if you want to write, don't try to rest the receiver precariously on a hunched shoulder, but hold it to your ear with one hand and write with the other.

If you're in a noisy room, you can make things easier both for yourself and the other party by holding your palm over the transmitter when you're not speaking.

And finally, please, *please* be brief! After all, the telephone is an instrument for conveying information, not a piece of sports equipment. What's more, it's not exclusively yours. There are not only other members of the family, office staff, or dormitory waiting to use the phone, but people all over town waiting to get a line into what well may be an overcrowded exchange. Telephone officials estimate that the average call lasts three and a half minutes ("holding time" they call it) so if your own telephonic gabfests run to twenty or thirty minutes, you can see that you're grabbing more than your share of wire time. Also, it's just possible that the person on the other end of the line is anxious to answer the door, turn off the bathtub, or get back to her steno pad, her cake burning in the oven, or her "steady"!

Nobody needs to tell you, we *hope*, that even a minute of "holding time" consumed by the telephone wag's gags is a minute too much. You know the sort of thing we mean, and you also know that such threadbare, hand-me-down humor is unworthy of any truly witty person. It may seem funny to you to call a cigar store and ask the clerk if he has Prince Albert in a can—but remember that thousands of infants have tried the same corny trick before, and your triumphant, "Well, let him out!" is going to fall on very weary ears. And you wouldn't think it excruciatingly humorous, either, if you happened to have a job in that store and lots of legitimate telephone calls to cope with!

So stick to business, state it concisely, and save the chaff and chatter for this evening's wiener roast or tomorrow's lunch date. The gals you see sketched on page 10 are perennial Wrong Numbers. Let's hope you're not among those present!

THE END

TRUE OR FALSE?



Excitement can throw you off schedule that "certain time of the month"!

TRUE. An overly exciting day—tension over exams—might upset your menstrual timetable. But don't worry about minor irregularities.

You'll get the right story on what's O.K. and what isn't for those days in "Growing Up and Liking It."

This slick, new book on the how and

why of menstruation rates 100% with smart gals everywhere!

• Brimming with tips and hints on good looks and health—it helps make you a "charmer" every day of the month.

Modess will send you your free copy—if you mail the coupon below!

TRUE OR FALSE?

Some girls have solved the chafing problem!

TRUE. School girls who suffered chafe with their regular napkin tried the new Free-Stride Modess.

88 out of 108 reported: No chafing

with Free-Stride Modess.

Free-Stride Modess is specially designed with extra cotton on its edges . . . for greater freedom from chafing.

So safe, too! Modess' triple-proved deodorant helps keep you flower-fresh!

Send today for your FREE copy!



Martha Steele, Personal Products Corp., Box 351-L, Milltown, N.J.

Please send me, in plain wrapper, a FREE copy of "Growing Up and Liking It."

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State _____ Age _____

* SHEER DELIGHT! *

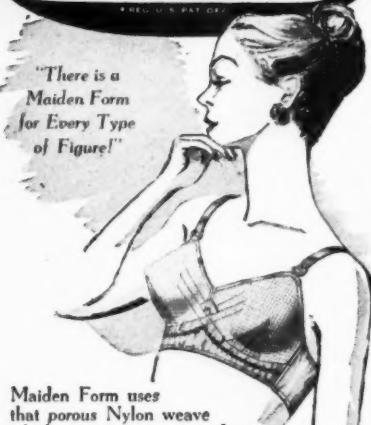
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Looks Like a Compact



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Please send me . . . sani-case(s) at 50c each, plus 10c to cover postage and packing for one or more. I enclose \$ Indicate color — Brown or Ivory.

NAME

ADDRESS

TEEN SHOP talk

And here's your shopping list for the month of May. Nothing shown is over \$3

A royal Paisley square fits any girl's wardrobe—and in any season, too. Glentex makes this all-silk one in a wide range of colors, and B. Altman, New York City; Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago; Burger Phillips, Birmingham, Alabama, all sell it for \$3

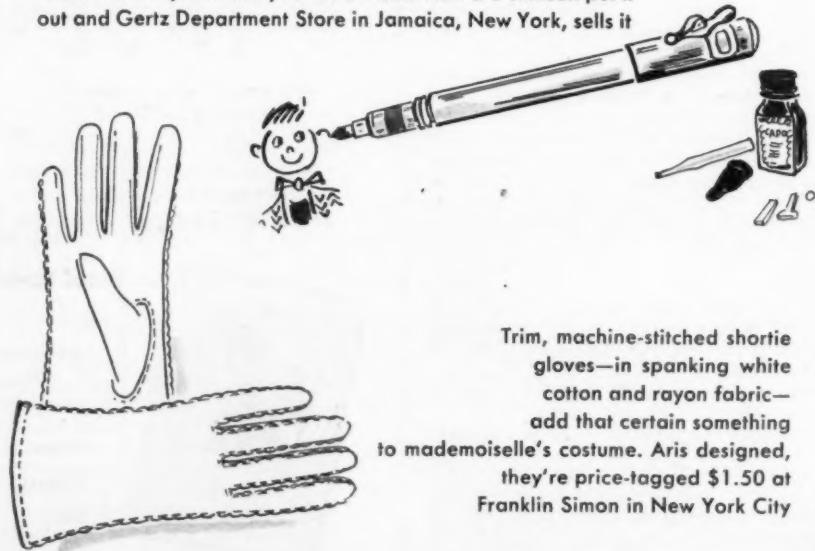


LISL WEIL

Yes, it's true. Merita's dainty lamb's-wool mitt contains a six months' supply of both powder! Nicely boxed, it's the perfect prize or present and just \$1 (no tax) at C. Crawford Hollidge, Boston; and J. C. Penney in Fresno, California



For making posters, addressing bundles, and many another art or lettering job, a Flo-Master pocket fount'n brush is just the ticket. It writes on any surface and for \$3 you get the pen, 3 assorted felt nibs, and $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce of "Cado" ink—you name your color. Cushman & Dennison put it out and Gertz Department Store in Jamaica, New York, sells it



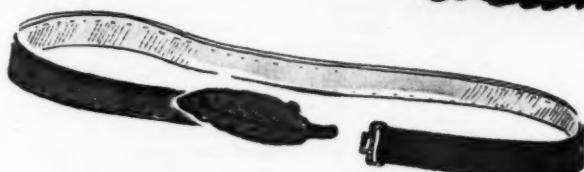
Trim, machine-stitched shortie gloves—in spanking white cotton and rayon fabric—add that certain something to mademoiselle's costume. Aris designed, they're price-tagged \$1.50 at Franklin Simon in New York City



FREE talk

This cute, plastic chatelaine is a sure-fire conversation starter! The cowboy's outfit is blue and red; the broncho is brown; and the tax-inclusive price is \$1.20. At Gimbel's, New York City; the Hecht Company, Washington, D. C.

There's nothing like a crisp touch of white to make a girl look perky. This white rayon vestee tucks in at the neck of a tailored dress, jacket, or V-necked sweater and stays put—no sewing necessary. Easy to launder, too, and only 60c at Girl Scout National Equipment Service, 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. Order by number, please: H-958



Need a belt? Here's a real capeskin one—in the new, narrower width—with a simple, leaf-shaped buckle. In black, navy, lime, gold, raspberry, and every other color in the spectrum, it's by Criterion and \$3 at Popular Dry Goods in El Paso, Texas



by TONI LAWRENCE

Please order items direct from stores named and mention *The American Girl*

MAKE YOUR OWN POP ICICLES FOR 1 1/4 EACH!



Make them at home in your own automatic refrigerator. Be the first to treat your friends to delicious and refreshing Pop Icicles.



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Down to Earth

(Continued from page 27)

put the rows of corn at the north end of the garden, in two long rows running east and west across the plot, as this is the tallest vegetable, and would shade the others if planted in any other place. Chart your other crops in short, parallel north-south rows, with the tallest next to the corn and the shortest—probably radishes—at the south end. If you want to add borders of low flowers, you can keep your friends in nosegays.

For best results in a small garden, choose an early variety of corn. Don't use all your seeds at once, but make several small plantings at intervals of ten or twelve days so that the ears won't all mature at once. Get a package of pumpkin or winter-squash seeds, too, and plant them between the corn rows. It's a good way to find space for those "ground hogs" in a small garden, for they'll continue to grow when the corn is cut.

You'll probably want tomatoes and, unless you started seedlings in the house during the winter, you must make an expedition to a roadside plant stand, reliable seed house, or hardware store, and buy some blight-proof tomato plants. Rutgers and Marglobe are in this class and you can expect to pay around five cents apiece for them, although prices vary in different parts of the country. Buy good, stocky, dark-green plants—not tall, yellow, spindly ones which make weak growers—and dig holes for them about eighteen inches apart. Try to choose a cloudy day for putting in any seedlings, or do the work in the evening. Lift each plant carefully from its container, keeping as much soil as possible around the roots, and set it in the hole dug to receive it. Then partly fill the hole with soil, apply water and let it soak in, fill up the hole with dry soil, and pat firm around the plant. If you follow these instructions, wilting will be rare, but in a prolonged hot or dry spell you'll want to shade young plants with paper tents.

Cabbage, too, is a good crop for a small garden—not overly particular—and you'll want to plant both early and late kinds. The latter can be stored for winter use and, cooked or raw, the early makes delicious eating. Buy sturdy cabbage seedlings at the same place you bought your tomato plants, and when you set them out, see that the roots go straight down in the earth and are not bunched up near the surface. A good trick is to cut off half of each leaf (as shown in the sketch) to give strength to the growing plants.

One of the most destructive pests in the garden is the cutworm, which gnaws stems at or below ground level and has been known to destroy a whole field of tomatoes overnight. However, you can outwit him by supplying each cabbage and tomato plant with a cardboard or paper collar which entirely encircles the stem of the plant (see sketch) and protects it for about three inches above and three inches below the soil line. You can buy these collars, but a paper drinking cup or ice-cream carton with the bottom removed serves the purpose if you make sure that its radius allows plenty of growing room for the stem and roots of your plant. Then, by the time the hot summer weather arrives, the cutworms are gone, and the paper collars can be removed.

The rows on the southern end of the vegetable garden are, as we've seen, turned



\$9.95

over to shorter vegetables. Bush beans, Swiss chard, spinach, beets, carrots, onions, leaf lettuce, and parsley yield a delicious harvest and offer no big problems, although some vegetables, such as spinach and lettuce, do not grow well in hot weather. After the first crop of these vegetables is harvested, better replant this ground with some other seed such as bush beans, beets for greens, or more carrots, so that your whole garden will be kept working all during the growing season. Parsley and Swiss chard last all summer if you just harvest the larger, outer leaves and let the plant continue to grow. Green bunch onions are grown most easily from sets or bulblets, which may be bought in any seed store. And incidentally, when you start buying your seeds, restrain yourself. Most people buy far too many. One package of each should do for your plot.

Some seeds, such as parsley and carrots, are very fine and slow-growing, and it's a good trick to plant radishes in the rows in which these seeds are planted, as the radishes will sprout within three or four days, marking the rows and showing where you may safely hoe and weed. The radishes will help to shade the new seedlings, too.

For planting seeds, make flat bottom troughs, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, not the V-shaped furrows which used to be considered best. Allow enough room between the rows for hoeing and sow as thinly as possible, not single file, but spread over the whole width of your trough. You'll find it's easier to thin this way.

Once the planting is finished, schedule about an hour a day for gardening, using the hoe regularly to keep out all weeds between the rows, and hand-weeding the rows them-

THE STORES
where you can buy all the playclothes shown on pages 11, 12, and 13, and on the cover are: Strawbridge and Clothier, Philadelphia; L. Bamberger, Newark; Miller Bros., Chattanooga; Belk Bros., Charlotte, N. C.; Adam, Meldrum & Anderson, Buffalo; Rich's, Atlanta; Sears, Betty & Bob, Portsmouth, Virginia.

These are the same stores where exciting American Girl fashion shows will be held this month—where you'll see teen-agers modeling lots of wonderful spring and summer fashions, including those pictured in "Memo for May." So don't miss this month's Fashions for The American Girl show! Check store windows, local newspapers, or your Girl Scout council office for the date. Next issue we'll announce more shows in other cities—keep watching for the one nearest you!

The American Girl cannot guarantee that any given store will have unlimited stock of merchandise pictured in our May fashion pages. But if they're out of the item for which you call or write, they'll surely have one that is very similar.



Frances Koltun, our fashion editor, advises Boston girls

selves as often as is necessary. Remove weakling corn plants so that only the strongest ones are left, spaced twelve to eighteen inches apart. Tall-growing corn may develop roots above ground level to help the plants resist the force of the wind, so to provide food and anchorage for these, hill up the earth for several inches. One of the sketches shows how this looks.

In any small garden, tomato plants must be pruned and staked up as they grow. This keeps the foliage off the ground and allows plenty of sunlight to reach the plants, helping to prevent disease and allowing the tomatoes to ripen. Pinch out side shoots,

training only two or three good-sized stems to a single stake or simple trellis (as sketched) and use jute string or strips of soft cotton for tying.

Thin out all other vegetable seedlings as they grow. Carrots and beets need three or four inches between plants; lettuce, two inches; spinach, four inches; onions, four inches; bush beans, about three inches; Swiss chard, twelve inches.

Watering your garden isn't necessary if you live where there is a normal amount of rain, but if the season is dry, one thorough soaking a week is better than a light surface

(Continued on page 35)



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Be the first in your crowd to own this new deluxe model Roadmaster—"America's Finer Bicycle". See it at your dealer's today. Run your eyes over that smooth sleek tank. Admire the sparkling chrome grill. Notice how the name Roadmaster—set off in raised chrome letters—lets everyone know you have the best! But, just see it! One glance tells you that Roadmaster has everything you want in a bicycle. It's smooth to ride—sharp to look at—smart to own. Be first! Stand out in your crowd with a Roadmaster, "America's Finer Bicycle".

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Speaking of MOVIES



THE EGG AND I—An ex-GI and his bride are beset by all sorts of tribulations, often hilarious, on their wilderness farm—from a stalking mountain lion to an obstinate tea-kettle and a disastrous fire. The picture is based on the book by the same title, and the cast, which is led by Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, includes Marjorie Main and Louise Albritton.



BANJO—A tender and beautiful story of the sufferings and triumphs of a little Southern girl transplanted to the North. A young aunt and an understanding doctor furnish the romance. Sharyn Moffett has the part of Pat Warren, nine-year-old Southern aristocrat; Jacqueline White and Walter Reed are the aunt and doctor. Bonjo, a champion hunting dog, is played by himself.



THE IMPERFECT LADY—One afternoon in 1892, in a drab town in the English Midlands where a troupe of dancing girls is appearing in living tableaux, Millicent Hopkins misses a dinner and, between rehearsal and curtain time, finds the man she is to marry. A charming story, and a splendid cast which is headed by Teresa Wright, Ray Milland, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke.



THREE WERE THOROUGHBREDS—A young cowboy, whose only interest is his thoroughbred mare and her colt, is falsely accused of murder. With the help of a pretty Western girl who comes to his aid, he succeeds in trapping the real criminal. Marguerite Chapman and Robert Young star in this exciting picture of the desert range, and you'll love the shots of the mare and colt.

by
TAMARA ANDREEVA

★ If you have ever tried a tongue-twister you will sympathize with Deanna Durbin, who had to master: "I won the Cobblekill, Pebbleskill, Hobbeskill, Peekskill waltz competition" for her appearance in *ILL BE YOURS*.

★ A Hollywood wag uncovered the first record card on which the talents of Fred Astaire had been entered by a casting director. It read: "Can't act; slightly bald. Can dance a bit."

★ Joe Pena has one of the most unusual occupations in Hollywood—he paints wild flowers on the backdrop landscape to add a ring of authenticity to an outdoor scene. Thus, although *MICHIGAN KID* was filmed at Kernville, California, and the script called for an Arizona locale, Arizona moviegoers will not be annoyed, for Pena's flowerets make the background truly Arizonan.

★ The Beverly Hills fire department was swamped with calls a short time ago, when people passing the Fox studio at 3 A.M. reported a fire there. Actually it was part of the script—the re-enacting of the Great Fire of 1666, which burned out 273 acres and destroyed 13,200 homes—on the set of old London. A hundred studio firemen and four trucks stood by to put out the fire the moment the director shouted "Cut!"

★ Whenever you see a very young baby on the screen, it probably is one of twins engaged for that screen sequence, because the law allows only half a day's "shooting" for an infant.

★ The greatest number of stunt men ever assembled for a scene in a serial checked in at Columbia recently for the filming of a climactic sequence in *THE VIGILANTE*. The scene, involving the collapse of a crowded rodeo grandstand, was considered too risky to warrant using extras. The crowd was made up of expert stunt men.

★ For his twenty-first anniversary as a contract player on the Universal-International lot, Andy Devine has been presented with two reels of excerpts from the ninety pictures in which he has appeared. The popular Andy has remained with one boss longer than any Hollywood player except Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone.

He gets fan mail from all corners of the earth, and hundreds of people with peculiar voices and big waistlines have written him, asking how they can get into pictures.

Andy got his gravel voice when, as a youth, he fell with a stick in his mouth and injured his larynx. He got his avoirdupois—he now weighs 295—because, being a big man to start with, he didn't diet.

THE END

May, 1947

Down to Earth

(Continued from page 33)

sprinkling each night, and of course irrigation is necessary to make things grow in some parts of the country. If you use an open hose, let the water flow along a board as it first comes from the nozzle. This avoids washing away the top soil.

For best results, pick only as many vegetables at one time as you need, and just as short a time as possible before they're to be prepared for the table. In this way they'll have the best possible flavor and the most possible vitamins and minerals. You may want to can or preserve some crops for winter use, and root vegetables may of course be stored, but you'd best consult a good garden book for instructions on this storage business, for if it's improperly done a harvest may rot very quickly. When a crop is harvested, remove the old plants from the soil at once so they won't provide breeding places for insect pests or take plant food from the growing crops.

Your garden, if you tend it faithfully, should pay off dividends in fun, good food, exercise—and maybe even real cash!

THE END

You Win, Kay Allen

(Continued from page 9)

"Oh, Mother, don't worry!" Kay protested. "You'd think I was a baby. I'll meet some of the girls on the way out."

"Well, have a good time, dear, and telephone when you're ready to come home."

Kay took the flashlights which Jim had brought over and started out. A sharp gust of wind caught her as she shut the door, and she pulled her coat closer about her. She met none of the other girls, however, and was wondering where they were when she saw Marty ahead of her.

Realizing that she could not avoid the other girl, she quickened her pace.

"Hello, Marty," she called.

Marty jumped. "Good night, you scared me!" To Kay's amazement, she took her arm and clung to it tightly. "It's awfully dark, isn't it?" she said. "I'm glad you came along. I've been dreading that next long, dark stretch. And this wind is getting worse."

The wind was blowing itself into a frenzy now—and it was very dark.

"Something must have happened to the lights on this street," Kay said. "Perhaps the wind has knocked down one of the—Good heavens, what's that?"

It was Kay's turn to jump as an angry whine overhead tore through the rushing sound of the wind. They were passing an open stretch of undeveloped land between the airport and the street—a rough patch of ground once used as the city dump.

"It's only a plane," exclaimed Marty, as Kay paused. "Come on."

But Kay wrenched herself from Marty's grasp. "Wait a minute! There it is again!"

"It's just a plane, I tell you!" shouted Marty, above the wind. "What do you care about a—"

"Hush, you idiot! Can't you see what's happened?" To Marty's horror, Kay began to run toward the erstwhile dump.

"Wait for me!" wailed Marty. She plunged after Kay, sobbing with fright. "Where are you going? Come back!"

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Kay stopped abruptly, and Marty caught up with her. "See there!" Kay gripped the other girl's hand. In the darkness was a tangle of wire lying on the ground.

"It's the power line," Kay told her. "That's why there aren't any street lights, and why that plane—" She stopped as again the sound of the plane came nearer. It had made a wide sweep into the wind, and was now coming directly upon them.

"The lights bordering the airport are out, too!" shouted Kay. "That plane can't tell where the field is. If it lands here it'll crash." She gestured with the package that held Jim's flashlights.

For a moment she stared at it. Then, "The lights! The lights!" she screamed, yanking them from the paper. For a fraction of a second she hesitated—another idea had come to her.

"Marty!" Kay's voice was urgent. "Tell me the emergency warning signal—quick!"

"I—I don't remember," Marty sobbed helplessly. "Oh, Kay, I can't remember!"

"Well, I do," Kay's hands were shaking as she began flashing the alternate red and green warning signal. She pointed the lights directly at the faint shape of the plane above them, praying that the pilot would see them and take heed.

For a breathless few moments, as the plane continued toward them, she feared her warning would go unheeded. Then it swooped upward with a roar and climbed again into the sky.

"Thank heaven, thank heaven, thank heaven!" Kay heard herself repeating. "Oh, Marty, look! They've fixed the auxiliary lights at the airport." She pointed to the strings of lights which now outlined the airfield. "The plane will be all right now." Even as she spoke, she saw the plane turning into the wind over the airport to make its landing there. She watched it come safely to the ground and then turned to Marty.

"What are you crying for?" she demanded. "Everything's okay now."

"It's me," Marty sobbed. "It's just that I'm—I mean it's just the way you said, Kay. I forgot!"

Kay did not reply at once. This was her hour of triumph, but somehow she could not say "I told you so." Instead she took Marty's arm and said, "Come on. We're late for the meeting already."

"I'll tell them that I forgot the signals," Marty declared as they hurried along. "I'll tell them that the Flight Club must go on. For I did completely forget all I'd learned. You were right. You win, Kay Allen!"

A great weight lifted from Kay's heart. She said nothing, but gave Marty's arm a squeeze that showed her joy and forgiveness.

THE END

Puppy Business

(Continued from page 7)

to peer inside, and then whistled sharply. "This pup's got a bad infection." He used an impressive medical name. "Penicillin's the only thing that might lick it. Think you can give him hypodermics?"

"Hypodermics?" Fear and distaste rang in Margo's voice.

Dr. Allen said, "I'll show you how. It means every three hours, night and day. We can give him the first one now."

Margo felt as sick as the littlest Pepper looked when she saw the long, needle-syringe. "I don't think I can—" she began,

then stopped. The littlest Pepper was looking up at her with utter confidence in his soft eyes. She gulped, "I'll try."

Dr. Allen's hands were deft and experienced, but when Margo tried it the puppy whimpered in pain.

"Remember that everything must be sterile. Call me after forty-eight hours." The doctor handed her the syringe and the penicillin solution. Then he patted her shoulder. "You'll be all right."

At home again, she couldn't eat any supper. She made a bed for the littlest Pepper, and then went out to the puppy pen so that she wouldn't have to watch the clock. Eight, nine, ten. At ten she'd have to give the hypodermic alone.

"Hi, Small Fry."

Margo was in no mood for back chat. "Hello," she answered gloomily.

"Whose funeral?" asked Tony.

"The littlest pup's sick," she told him. Tony was over the fence in an instant. "Gee whiz, I'm sorry."

"He's got to have hypodermic injections every three hours, night and day."

"Golly, who's going to do it?"

"I am," Margo said.

"You?" Then, as though ashamed of his incredulity, he offered, "Can't I help?"

For a second she hesitated, tasting the relief it would be to turn the job over to him. Then she shook her head. "I'm afraid not. Dr. Allen had to show me how."

"Well, look—I could hold the pup for you, anyway."

"Yes," Margo conceded, "You could do that."

Tony was more of a help than he realized. He steadied Margo's nerves and hands. The puppy whimpered only briefly when the

She couldn't look at the boy, so she stared at the gobbling puppies in the pen. "I—I just don't know how I'm going to take care of them all."

Tony's hand was awkward on her shoulder. "What you need," he muttered in great embarrassment, "is some more sleep. Go back to bed, and I'll come over and help with the next dose. What time do you want to be called?"

"Ten o'clock," Margo managed to say.

In the kitchen she swallowed a glass of orange juice and munched a piece of toast. Then she padded upstairs and buried her head in the pillow to shut out the sun. The next thing she heard was a shower of pebbles against the window screen. It couldn't be ten o'clock—but it was.

Tony stroked the sick puppy's head as Margo sterilized the equipment. She could handle everything deftly now, and the littlest Pepper made not a murmur.

But Margo's aversion to her task was as strong as ever. She banged through the back door, wanting to get out in the air. Ten seconds later she was staring into an empty puppy pen.

"Where—?"

"Look—"

Asking and explaining, the two voices met. "Look, Margo—" Tony repeated as the girl whirled to face him. "It was too much for you. You said it was. Taking care of all five." He dug into the pocket of his slacks and came out with a rumpled wad of bills. "Here, I sold them to those people I tried to tell you about. Remember?"

Margo felt a sharp sense of loss, but she knew that what Tony had done would save her more heartbreak, more worry and work. And his eyes, when he looked up, reminded

WHAT STATE IS THIS? by Vincent A. Otto

Here are twenty nicknames of States. How many of them do you know? The answers are on page 46.

1. The Cotton State
2. The Nutmeg State
3. The Diamond State
4. The Gulf State
5. The Cracker State
6. The Hoosier State
7. The Hawkeye State
8. The Prairie State
9. The Blue Grass State
10. The Creole State
11. The Old Line State
12. The Old Bay State
13. The Gopher State
14. The Granite State
15. The Empire State
16. The Buckeye State
17. The Keystone State
18. The Lone Star State
19. The Old Dominion
20. The Badger State

needle punctured the tender skin, and Margo gritted her teeth and pressed steadily on the plunger.

At one o'clock in the morning the alarm-clock's clamor was like the knell of doom. Shivering in the summer night, she forced herself to go through the distasteful routine. At four she was awake before the signal, dreading the approach of the hour. At seven she was deep in exhausted sleep, and her father turned off the alarm and gently shook her.

Grimly she doctored the sick puppy, then heated some food for the others, who seemed ostentatiously healthy when they greeted her. In contrast, the littlest Pepper was so pathetic that Margo's eyes filled with tears.

"Hi, how's your patient?"

Margo had no time to get hold of herself.

her of a spaniel's—asking for understanding. She smiled.

"You're not mad?"

"Nope." She swallowed hard. "I'm almost ashamed to let you know how grateful I am." She took the money and counted out half. "Commission," she grinned as she offered it to him.

Tony shook his head. "You're going to camp."

"With that puppy to nurse? Don't be silly. It'll be weeks before he's well."

"I could—" Tony started, but Margo interrupted.

"Tell you what," she suggested shyly, "we could join the swimming club again and you could teach me to dive. I bet I could learn this year."

THE END

May, 1947

Five Finger Tips

(Continued from page 15)

5. Last is polishing. This may be merely buffing. It could be clear liquid polish. Or you may prefer colored enamel.

If you do not use liquid polishes, use a buffer covered with clean chamois skin. Buff each nail separately, and always buff in one direction. If you go back and forth it creates friction that heats the nails and makes them brittle. Buffing is important, whether you use polish or not. It does more than give a shine. It strengthens the nails by stimulating circulation. Buffing the nails is like brushing the hair. It encourages nature to produce her own glossiness.

Clear foundation polish is highly recommended for those who don't care for the colored enamel. This colorless liquid jacket protects the nails and gives them a well-groomed look.

The most difficult thing in a home manicure is the application of liquid polish. Too often a perfectly good manicure is ruined because the polish has been applied in shaky, uneven strokes.

TO APPLY polish, whether the colorless type or a tinted enamel, rest your arm and wrist solidly on a table, spread the fingers flat, and in as few strokes as possible apply the first coat. Steer clear of the cuticle and far sides on the nail so you won't have too much cleaning up around the edges to do. Keep a clean bit of cotton wrapped around the orangewood stick to wipe off any excess at the nail tip and the sides while the polish is still wet. Be reasonably generous in your use of polish, starting the brush at the base and sweeping it evenly to the very tip of the nail in two or three quick strokes. Always drain the polish brush on the top of the bottle to avoid any surplus.

Allow the first coat to dry a little before applying the second one. Two applications wear better and longer. After the enamel or clear coating has thoroughly dried, give your nails another good buffing to make them smooth and shiny.

POLISH POINTERS

If you do use colored polish, please don't let it clash with your lipstick and costume colors. Orange lipstick, a purple sweater, and clear red polish make a ghastly combination—but we've all seen it happen when a girl gets careless. As the various brands vary slightly in shade, it is wise to buy lipstick and polish together, in matched color sets.

As for the shade of polish you wear, there is only one rule that applies. *It must be in good taste.* It should maintain harmony with both lipstick and costume. "Deep Purple" may be the name of a beautiful song, but it doesn't belong on your fingernails! Avoid the violent shades, stick to the pastel pink and geranium shades, and you'll be "right" at your fingertips. Among these lovely young colors you'll find an assortment that will harmonize with every costume color you wear.

Start keeping your nails in good condition today. And for every manicure you give yourself now, you'll breathe a prayer of thankfulness when it's time for girlhood dreams to come true.

THE END

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something you Mariner Scouts can share**

Girls of the M.S. Twilight study the Marine Museum's figureheads



HOW would you like to live for a week end—or even a week—aboard a real schooner, moored in Connecticut's Mystic River? Wouldn't you like to sleep in a real ship's hammock or bunk, cook in a genuine ship's galley, study navigation and nautical history ashore in a fascinating museum of the sea? You'd see Navy movies to help in your seamanship training, try your skill at sailing and rowing around the old port, and perhaps, in a shipyard at the end of a cobblestone street, get some help and advice about building your own boat.

Or if a trip to Connecticut is out of the question for you, wouldn't you like the loan of a sea chest, filled to the brim with pictures, prints, films, sea stories, and maybe even a precious treasure or two?

Thanks to the Marine Historical Association's Marine Museum in Mystic, both these nautical dreams will come true for Sea Scouts, Girl Scout Mariners, and other groups of young people. But meanwhile, if you live near New York City or near-by in New England, why not think about a one-day trip to Mystic? All Girl Scouts in uniform are admitted to the Marine Museum free of charge, and the crew of the Mariner Ship *Twilight* will pipe you aboard and steer you around. They'll be proud and pleased to share with you their rich seagoing background—which they've been exploring themselves for almost two years now.

It was in June, 1945, that these Connecticut girls were being welcomed into Senior Scouting. They'd just graduated from the Intermediates, and plans for forming another Senior Service Troop in their town of Mystic were moving uneventfully along when the speaker at the welcoming party happened to mention the magic word "Mariners."

Mystic

by **HARRIET WARREN**

"What are Mariners?" each girl clamored to know. The name seemed to carry the smell of salt spray with it, and the look of white sails, and the feel of nautical blue uniforms. As the Girl Scout Mariner program was described, the girls' excitement grew.

"Why isn't Mystic the ideal place for a Mariner group?" they asked. There was the town itself, with as interesting a history of ships and shipping as any port along the coast. There was the Mystic River, perfect for sailing small boats. There were the fine beaches of the Atlantic near by. Why not have a Mariner Ship in this place where young people spent half their summers in and on the water anyway?

AT FIRST Mrs. Betty Chapman, their leader-to-be, was a bit confused by the sudden turn of events. But being nautically minded and definitely in agreement with Water Rat's famous remark that there's "nothing half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats," she quickly fell in with the new plan and a new Mariner Ship soon slid down the ways.

Besides the river and the sea and an enthusiastic
(Continued on page 46)



A



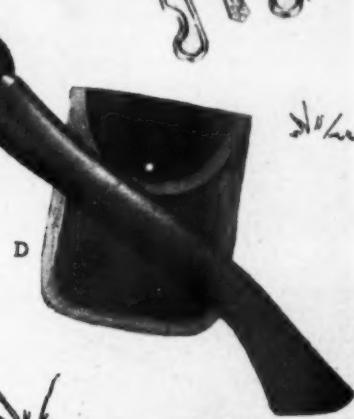
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Girl Scouts National Equipment Service

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Brownie Scouts give the salute at the dedication of a Girl Scout Little House in Fort Lewis, Washington

Fort Lewis Sentinel photo

ALL OVER THE MAP



Headline News in Girl Scouting

• **With a formal dedication**, a flag ceremony, a Brownie investiture, and a fly-up ceremony, a Girl Scout "Little House," made from a converted barracks building, was opened recently in Fort Lewis, Washington. The barracks, obtained through the Child Welfare Committee of Fort Lewis, was converted as part of a troop-training project by the men of the 95th Engineer Group. They installed a kitchen, powder room, and stage for the Scouts of Fort Lewis and near-by Dupont, Washington, and a sewing machine, piano, and miscellaneous pieces of furniture were supplied, too. An invocation by the chaplain, and a speech of welcome by a lieutenant colonel whose twin daughters are Scouts, were highlights of the dedication, and there was also singing and entertainment provided by the hostesses.

• **There are many ways** for Girl Scouts to earn their Clothing badge, but here's how Troop 4 of Dearborn, Michigan, did it. They decided that the clothes they made should be given to an annual drive for "Baskets for the Needy," and so they were. But first money had to be raised to buy cloth for making the garments, so these resourceful Scouts sold AMERICAN GIRL-Quaint Shop Christmas cards and earned the necessary funds. The girls made twelve dresses in sizes two through six, and in addition, donated canned fruits and vegetables and some leather bracelets made in their handicraft classes.

• **Girl Scouts lucky enough** to live in California and Florida have something else besides an abundance of sunshine for us to envy, and that is the beautiful and historic missions located in those States. Troop 30 of Bellflower, California, have been quick to take advantage of this fact, and have made a study of the California ones, learning the uses of these ancient missions in addition to their general uses as churches, and studying their lovely architecture. They have read books on the missions, visited them, made scrapbooks with pictures, maps, souvenirs, and picked up such interesting facts as how soap, oil, and wine were made there in days gone by. Isn't there something unique in your State that might make a study as interesting as this one?

• **You've probably heard** about Girl Scouts and other groups who have adopted one, two, or a family of children who have lost their parents, or who have been deprived of adequate food, clothing, and shelter by the war. But here's a group of Girl Scouts who adopted a whole school! Through the facilities of the Save the Children Federation, Girl Scouts of the Oranges, New Jersey, have adopted a school of ninety-five children between the ages of six and fourteen in Le Havre-Graville, France—a school that was com-

pletely destroyed in September, 1944, when our armies pushed across France. School, equipment, blackboards, desks—everything was wrecked, not only in the school, but in the whole community. The pupils live in makeshift homes, and their need for all the tools of living is very great. The sponsorship of a school costs an initial \$150—a sum that was raised by a minimum contribution of 10¢ made by every registered Girl Scout in the Oranges. This sponsorship fund was used for the immediate delivery to the school of extra food and vitamins. The next step was the development of special projects for every Scout, from the littlest Brownie up, to collect and arrange for the regular sending of supplies to the school, and the interchange of letters. Already six hundred pounds of clothing and many cartons of toilet articles and school supplies have been sent on their way. A letter has been received from the headmaster of the French school which describes the present school building as being just a wooden barracks, parts of which have no floor. He says the ink in the inkwell froze on winter nights, but he goes on to add that his pupils are enchanted with the idea of having such generous friends whose help is precious to them beyond expression.

• **The grand prize winner** in the Girl Scout Sugarless Birthday Cake Contest, sponsored by Schrafft's in honor of the 35th Anniversary of Girl Scouting, has just been announced—and she's Carolyn Hegarty, thirteen year old Scout of Brooklyn, New York. Her cake? A dark honey concoction, flavored with maple and iced with a white corn-syrup frosting. This contest was open to all Girl Scouts of Greater New York between the ages of ten and thirteen, while judging was based on taste, texture, appropriate decoration, and ingenuity in using a sugar substitute both in the cake and in the frosting. More of these contests in other parts of the country are planned, so if you're proud of your baking, watch for announcements of the contest in your town!

• **All of you Girl Scouts** who worked so hard for the Navy during the long war years should know that Rear Admiral Monroe Kelly, commandant of the Third Naval District, recently presented the highest award the Navy makes to civilians—the Certificate of Achievement—to the Girl Scouts of America. Mrs. Vaughan Ferguson, national president of the Girl Scouts, received the award—given in recognition of outstanding services to Naval personnel—at a meeting of the Board of Directors at Girl Scout National Headquarters in New York City. The award was made for many different types of service. Girl Scout Mariners, for instance, during the war "adopted" small ships, sending them regular packages of books, magazines, and candy. They also made hundreds of layettes



Left: Scouts of Dearborn, Michigan, display dresses they made themselves and which went into baskets they filled for the needy

Below: Dipping into the paste pot, these Scouts of Grand Forks, North Dakota, are busy mending books for their local circulating library

Grand Forks Herald photo

for the Navy Mothers' Club. Girl Scouts and Mariners helped in the recruitment program for Waves and Spars, made gifts for patients in Naval hospitals, and knitted warm garments for the sailors at sea. The Navy has now said "Thank you" to all the Girl Scouts for their years of service.

• **The well-known bookworm** has met his match out in Grand Forks, North Dakota, where Senior Girl Scout Troop 1 has invaded the local public library in the interests of community service. Once a week the girls meet in the library, and under the direction of a librarian, get out the paste pot and mend books so that they may be put back in circulation. Girl Scouts have helped in the library before, but this is the first time the girls have done book mending. According to the librarian, their work is greatly appreciated, and the girls say it's fun to do.

• **Out in Kalamazoo, Michigan**, Girl Scouts recently stumped their dads with questions on their community. The Scouts had been boning up on it all by studying for My Community, Junior Citizen, and Transportation and Communications badges, and they learned so much that they were bursting with information. So Troop 50 had a "Fun Night" to entertain their parents with an old-fashioned "Spell Down"—the dads against the girls. To their huge delight, the dads really had trouble with such questions as "Who is the Circuit Court Judge?" and "How much does it cost yearly to keep each of us in school?" Defaulting dads had to contribute to the Juliette Low fund, and the girls hasten to add that a nice little sum was collected. This troop, really serious in their study of civic affairs, is now planning a trip to their State capital to learn more about their government.

• **There's a group of Wing Scouts** in Borger, Texas, who believe in the direct approach. Wanting preflight instruction, they went right to their local airport to get it. Their proposition to the airport manager was simple: in exchange for their preflight instruction and flying lessons, they would answer the telephone, take care of the books, keep the log, and assign all planes out seven days a week throughout the summer. Each of the sixteen girls works an average of four hours a week, and the girl with the highest grades in her preflight instruction gets an extra eight hours of flight instruction. The whole plan is working well, and has spread the fame of Wing Scouts in Borger so far and wide that there's now a waiting list of over fifty girls who can hardly wait to join this resourceful troop.

Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns.

THE END

The American Girl



Kalamazoo Gazette photo

Father looks puzzled, and no wonder. He's being quizzed on civic affairs by his Girl Scout daughter who knows all the answers

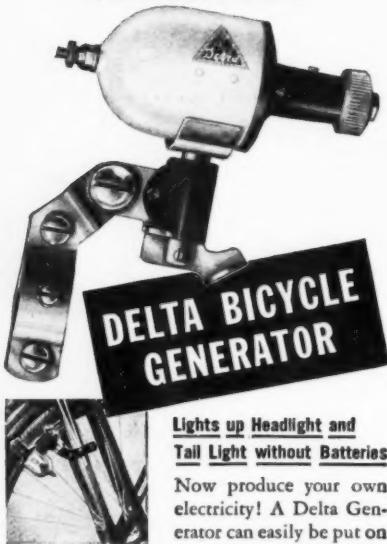
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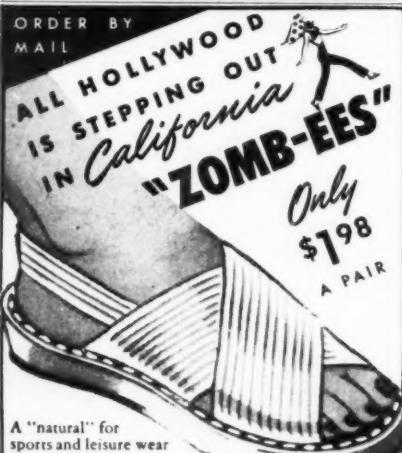
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TURNTABLE TIPS



by **CARL BOSLER**

IF THE Pied Piper of Hamelin had been able to pipe a tune as magical as those which spin effortlessly from Johnny Bothwell's alto sax, he would have charmed the grownups as well as the children. Tall, handsome Johnny enchants young and old alike when he begins to weave one of his subtle, sleepy-alto solos. Though his excellent sax work has been appreciated by jazz men for some time, it wasn't until he began recording for Signature with his own band that the citizenry at large became aware of Johnny's talent.

When I first met the young maestro he and his fine band had just returned from playing an afternoon jazz concert at Scarsdale High School. Johnny summed up what apparently had been a gay performance by saying, "I couldn't tell who had the most fun, the band or the students. I love to play," he went on, "and of course I'm proud of my band, but music has another meaning for me, too. I think it plays a big part in overcoming prejudice. When you're playing in your school orchestra, for instance, you soon realize that nothing counts except the music you all produce together."

From his days as a premedical student at Indiana University, Johnny has retained his keenness for experimenting. "Most of the music we play is flavored with impressionistic harmonies," he said, "but I like to try new tonal and instrumental effects. That way the band always has a fresh and modern sound." His recording of "Strange Feeling," one of the best in anybody's book, is ample evidence of the success of Johnny's experiments.

The many Bothwell fans have an understanding friend in Johnny because he's a fan himself. His favorite singing star is the pretty and talented songstress, Claire Hogan, who is featured with his band. Of course it may be that Johnny's admiration for her is also influenced a bit by the fact that in private life Claire happens to be Mrs. Johnny Bothwell, but when you hear Claire sing you understand why Johnny is such an ardent fan.

He's happiest when he and his band are playing for a crowd of charmed and satisfied

dancers, and it's good music for dancing that he's most interested in making. Johnny is a firm believer in the good musical taste of the American people, and if he's right, as I think he is, the Bothwell band will surely reach the top.

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

Popular
Swing Low Sweet Chariot . . . Speaking of Angels . . . Peggy Lee . . . Capitol (375)

... The chariot swings high on the first of these as Peggy and the Dave Barbour band whip through the old spiritual at a fast tempo. Peggy gives the pretty tune on the reverse a warm and easy interpretation and there's plenty of room for Dave's fine guitar playing.

Bewildered My Heart . . . Night of Memories . . . D'Artega and his orchestra . . . Sonora (3041) . . . Here are two excellent arrangements in the full and opulent style of D'Artega, who makes much of his large string section. Tony Russo's rich baritone is heard on the vocals of these dreamy ballads and Will Bradley adds a few mellow trombone phrases.

Holiday For Strings . . . Cocktails For Two . . . Laura . . . When Yuba Plays The Rhumba On The Tuba . . . Spike Jones . . . Victor (20-2092) (20-2118) . . . The first two are riotous re-issues in which the havoc wrought by the Jones boys happily knows no bounds. A prime example of musical satire is the mimicking of the pizzicato strings in the "Holiday" tune by the cackling of a hen plus two choruses of raucous laughter. The second two feature a semi-symphonic group which has been casually dubbed "Spike's Other Orchestra." Their slick style is soon interrupted by the madcap "City Slickers," who subject "Laura" to the typical musical onslaught. On the reverse Yuba plays his tuba unmolested.

Lonely Moments . . . Whistle Blues . . . Benny Goodman . . . Capitol (374) . . . Benny's first recording for Capitol is not only the best of current releases but is also the finest work he's done in some time. His playing seems more relaxed and free than

usual. The "Lonely Moments" theme is forceful and vigorous and the fuguelike passage at the end is particularly good. On the reverse the band whistles two unison choruses and achieves an unusual effect.

Tom Foolery . . . Snootie Little Cutie . . .
Tommy Dorsey . . . Victor (20-2116) . . . On the top side Tommy and the band take a rousing rhythm ride and get off some solid beats behind Ziggy Elman's torrid trumpet. The flipover is a re-issue of a clever novelty with Frank Sinatra, Connie Haines and the original Pied Pipers on the catchy lyrics.

I'll Close My Eyes . . . Guilty . . . Johnny Desmond . . . Victor (20-2109) . . . Johnny sings the wistful ballad on the first side in his most persuasive and intimate manner. "Guilty" receives an equally distinctive treatment and there's some superb small combo playing on both sides by the Page Cavanaugh Trio.

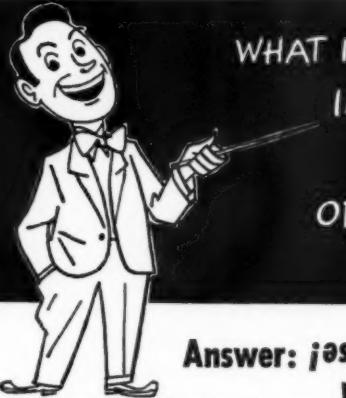
CLASSICAL

Stravinsky: Firebird Suite played by the New York Philharmonic conducted by Igor Stravinsky. The story of the ballet, from which Stravinsky has extracted this suite, is based on the Russian legend of the Firebird. In an enchanted forest, Ivan, the hero of the tale, and the glittering Firebird battle against the powers of the evil magician Kastchei. After a wild struggle and the destruction of a magic egg which is the source of the wizard's power, Kastchei and his demons vanish and the youths and maidens who have been under his spell are liberated. For the most part this is romantic music in the style of Rimski-Korsakov with whom Stravinsky studied. It is Russian in its themes and in the orientalism of its coloring. But in the sinister and gripping music of the sorcerer and his demons, with its shrill and stinging chords, its jolting rhythms and hammering blows, there is something of the elemental force which grew in Stravinsky and resulted in such great music as the "Rite of Spring." This new version of the "Firebird Suite," actually the third orchestration Stravinsky has made from his ballet masterpiece, contains all the familiar dances and two previously deleted sections, the Adagio and the Scherzo. Columbia Album (M or MM-653).

Brahms: Concerto No. 1 in D minor for piano and orchestra, played by Rudolf Serkin and the Pittsburgh Symphony conducted by Fritz Reiner. This magnificent work was greeted with hisses rather than applause during its early performances in 1859. But thirty-six years later it won the public approval it deserved in the same hall where it had once been hissed. Brahms, making his last public appearance there, was given a rousing ovation when he conducted this work and his B flat Major Piano Concerto. The first movement is a dramatic and powerful *Maestoso* which begins with a long orchestral introduction. The placid and songful *Adagio* is one of the loveliest of Brahms' slow movements. The final *Allegro non troppo* is a vigorous rondo, which includes a fugato for orchestra and a short cadenza—the only one in the concerto—for the solo piano. Although this concerto offers little opportunity for virtuoso display, it is a marvelous synthesis of musical expression for soloist and orchestra. Mr. Serkin and the orchestra accomplish this end admirably. Columbia Album (M or MM-652).

THE END

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by MARJORIE CINTA



New Wings for Women. By SALLY KNAPP. Thomas Y. Crowell, \$2.50. The author of these stories needs no introduction. In fact, you'll probably remember reading the chapter on Caroline Iverson, Aviation Editor of "Life" magazine in **THE AMERICAN GIRL**. Whether you are a flying fan, a champion of equal opportunity for women, or just a girl who likes a good story, you'll enjoy Sally Knapp's thirteen lively biographical sketches of these daring women, who have struggled to make a place for themselves in the man's world of aviation. The women are American, Russian, Canadian, British, and their special successes have been achieved as test pilot, meteorologist, aviation editor, airplane designer, engineer, aircraft personnel worker, combat pilot, instructors, or organizers and directors of women's divisions of transport or ferrying commands. There's a lot of information about flying, meteorology, gliders, aviation designing and engineering, and some good advice from women who have been through the mill for girls who dream of similar careers. "What these women have done," encourages the author, "their successors can do—and a great deal more."



Tradition. By ANNE EMERY. The Vanguard Press, \$2.50. This story is laid in conservative Northridge, whose citizens boast of their generations of American ancestry and the strength of their traditions. You'd think that would make Northridge one of the nicest towns in the world in which to live. But don't jump to conclusions. The heroine, Stacey Kennedy, was small, but such a dynamic spitfire no one could overlook her. She enjoyed her popularity, planned to run for a school office, and had a soft spot in her heart for handsome Eric Gregory, whose colonial forebears would have been surprised at the intolerance which his pride in them had engendered. Northridge High was split into bitter factions when a family of Japanese-Americans moved next door to the Kennedys. It wasn't easy for Stacey to make up her mind where she stood on the question, and when she did there seemed little that one girl, however courageous, could do. But Stacey was a fighter and with her friends worked out a creed for Americans which we could all think twice about. You can't help feeling that these boys and girls are very much like your own crowd and you'll be interested in the way they handled a situation with which you may be faced in your school.



How to Develop, Print and Enlarge Pictures. By SAMUEL EPSTEIN and DAVID W. DE ARMAND. Franklin Watts, \$1.25. If you are a picture-taker who clicks the shutter and leaves the rest to someone else, you are missing most of the

fun, according to the authors of the book. To them, most of the joy and satisfaction of photography as a hobby lies in making your own prints, which you can do much better than the corner druggist, simply and inexpensively at home. Your darkroom can be any corner of the house and your equipment can be as costly or as inexpensive as you wish. Step by step, the easiest and most economical way to develop, print, and enlarge photographs is explained through clear text and over two hundred pictures. There are complete instructions for simple home methods, the equipment and chemical solutions you need and how to use them, plus directions for making more complicated equipment, such as contact printers and enlargers, yourself. If the boy next door is handy with a hammer, you and he might have a lot of fun with the ideas in this book.



Secret Passage. By BETTY CAVANNA. The John C. Winston Co., \$2.00. This is an exciting story which its author says is more fact than fiction, for the background of the Underground Railroad, secret passages, and runaway slaves, which bring adventure to a group of Quaker boys and girls, is authentic. Philadelphia-born and bred, Sally Brinton, as colorful and lively a lass as ever wore Quaker gray, found life on her aunt's gay Virginia plantation, the sophistication of the Southern girls, the luxury and bright colors of their dress and



homes, delightful and different. She made friends with the Negro servants, especially with Bob, who gave her an adorable puppy. Then, just as Aunt Charlotte was forced to sell her plantation and her servants, Sally was called back to her new home in Haddonfield, New Jersey. There the irrepressible Sally led her sister and two neighbor boys into an adventure which had a fortunate outcome for many people. The picture of life in the North and the South of our country in the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" era is as interesting as the story itself.



Practically Perfect. By JANET LAMBERT. E. P. Dutton & Company, \$2.25. Yes, this is another book about the Parrishes. So you can go ahead with those cheers. Penny, who has had an important part in a successful play, has been living with her sister-in-law, Carol, in her duplex penthouse, while her brother David is on Army duty in Germany and the rest of the

Parrishes are with the Colonel on Governor's Island. Then David resigns from the Army and the junior Parrishes move to their country house, while David tries his hand at being a farmer. Josh MacDonald, the rising young director who takes such a keen professional interest in Penny, persuades her to give up her part to wait for a starring role. Penny finds this waiting a depressing, boring business and envies Carol her happiness with her husband, son, and beautiful home. Mike and Terry are still around to pay court, but Penny cannot make up her mind to accept either of them. The story is full of the gay, good times, the natural give-and-take of real family life, which have made the Parrish books so popular, and—it ends with a wedding which will delight your heart!

The Miracle of the Bells. By RUSSELL JANNEY. *Prentice-Hall*, \$3.00. This is a delightful adult novel which older girls will find irresistible, in spite of its somber beginning. Ace theatrical press agent "White Spats" Dunnigan had never declared his love for Olga Treskovna, the Polish girl he had helped to a starring role in her first movie, and now he was bringing her body back, for burial, to the sordid mining town of her birth. He had lost the best job he ever had because the producer refused to release the picture of a dead star, and blamed Dunnigan for keeping quiet about the girl's health. White Spats had only his last salary check and the girl's meager savings in his pocket, but he was determined to carry out her explicit directions for the funeral, and in doing so, he thought up a publicity stunt which might force the release of the picture Olga had lived and died to make. A great many things he did not plan on happened in connection with his great idea and much to his amazement, White Spats—slangy, hard-boiled, with his loud, expensive clothes, and good cigars—found himself vanquishing selfishness and greed and championing the brotherhood of man as self-appointed press agent for a church and the Archangel Michael. Good triumphs over evil in the most unlikely places, and as miraculously as in fairy tales, in this joyous story of the transformation of a mining community.

Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle. By BETTY MACDONALD. *J. B. Lippincott Company*, \$2.00. These are the stories Betty MacDonald, author of "The Egg and I" used to tell her own children, about funny Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle who lived in an upside-down house positively bulging with things children like to eat, and wear, and play with. The more children there were, digging for treasure in her back yard, tottering around in her very high heels, or running through her house, the happier Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle was. She understood children so well that she knew how to cure them of all sorts of unpleasant things. Poor Hubert, who had the Won't-Pick-Up-Toys disease, had to have his food passed up to him on a rake when things got so bad he couldn't leave his room, but Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle's cure worked for him as it did for the Answer-Backers, Don't-Want-to-go-to-Bedders, the children with Selfishitis and many other not at all rare but highly annoying ailments. If you know children you'll find this book hilariously funny, and if you have younger brothers or sisters suffering from any of these diseases, it might pay you to buy them a copy.

THE END

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THEN I HIT ON THE GIFT that was right in the groove. It was a subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL. Janie just loves it. Tells me it's super. You should've seen how Janie just glowed with delight the day she received that attractive card announcing the subscription.

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—Joan

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Old Salts of Mystic

(Continued from page 38)

Skipper, though, these Mystic girls had something else—a something else that could be very important to their program—right under their noses. It was the Marine Historical Association's Marine Museum, and its three buildings housed a collection of nautical mementos that would thrill any tar. Right in their town these lucky Mariners had the logs of interesting old vessels; models and prints and paintings of famous ships; whaling data; a real rigging loft; beautiful scrimshaw; quaint figureheads. Here was Captain Bligh's spyglass, a fine marine library, and a great deal more lore that people came from miles around to see.

Most exciting of all, moored in the Mystic River, alongside the Museum, was the old square-rigged whaler, *Charles W. Morgan*, sound in timber and mast, awaiting their in-

(ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 36)

1. Alabama	11. Maryland
2. Connecticut	12. Massachusetts
3. Delaware	13. Minnesota
4. Florida	14. New Hampshire
5. Georgia	15. New York
6. Indiana	16. Ohio
7. Iowa	17. Pennsylvania
8. Kansas	18. Texas
9. Kentucky	19. Virginia
10. Louisiana	20. Wisconsin

(Some of these States have more than one nickname: Florida, for instance, is also known as the Peninsula State; Kansas as the Sunflower State; Louisiana as the Pelican State; Maryland as the Free State; Massachusetts as the Bay State; and Minnesota as the North Star State. You are perfectly correct in using either nickname.)

spection. Aboard this ship the Mariners could study rigging and sails firsthand. No "Keep Off" and "Don't Touch" signs would be posted to keep them from peering into the pots where the blubber was tried out, exploring the captain's quarters, handling the great wheel, descending the ladders to the hold and sitting in the "gaming chair" which lowered the captain's wife to a rowboat so that she might pay a visit to another ship. In their own back yard these girls had a living museum of the sea.

But first, the new Mariner Ship needed a name. So with the help of Mr. B. MacDonald Steers, Assistant Curator of the Marine Museum, a list of the clipper ships built in the Charles Mallory shipyard, which once stood on the banks of the Mystic, was drawn up. From all the lovely names on the list, it was *Twilight* which they chose for their Mariner Ship, and they set right out to find out all they could about this graceful, medium clipper of 1857—her captain, cargoes, voyages, adventures, and the flag she flew.

ANYONE examining the log of the M. S. *Twilight*'s first year would see that her crew—though still "cabin boys"—had charted an interesting course. During the summer there were beach parties, swimming tests to pass, a camp-out on Mason Island, and actual sailing instruction in the eighteen-foot

(Continued on page 49)

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Dept. B, Metal Arts Co., Rochester, N. Y.

May, 1947

It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton



Drape Delights: Now you can get them again—good news if you're the girl for getting decorative effects in your room. For here are paper draperies, inexpensive but intriguing, looking like fabric and feeling like it. In addition, the paper draperies are fadeproof, flame resistant and easily cleanable, requiring no ironing. Sold with two matching tiebacks, completely hemmed, headed and ready to hang, they come in a variety of colors.

Ball and Pencil Point: With all the fuss and furor being kicked up over ball-point pens, anything, you probably thought, could happen. And now, sure enough, it has. For here's not just a ball-point pen that writes for years without refilling, etc. (you know all the other tricks it can do) but that does double duty with a lead pencil at the other end—and all for the slight cost of one single dollar.



Squeeze Tight: You know all the trouble you have getting that last drop of toothpaste out of the tube. Now here's an eminently practical, good-looking tube dispenser—a little plastic device, attractively finished to harmonize with bathroom fixtures. Insert the toothpaste tube into the dispenser, turn the key on the side, and out comes the paste neatly, evenly—to the very last drop.

"Gajit" Gadget: This is for every sewing kit: a quick, accurate measuring gauge for all sewing needs. Tiny and handy—all metal with clearly marked etchings—it's designed especially for accuracy in knitting, measuring hems, tucks, and ruffles; measuring distances between buttons and buttonholes; measuring for zippers, hooks and eyes, and a hundred other distances.



See 'n Swim: If you're one for the water on a summer's day and especially one who likes to scrutinize what's going on with marine life, here's a pair of specs—all plastic and leakproof—that will give you a lot of comfort and fun. Slip them on and you can keep your eyes open in the water as long as your breath lasts. They hug tight and keep the water out which, as a matter of fact, makes them just as good for driving around in convertibles, speedboating, and other wind-in-your-face activities.

Cleat Clips: This is one of those ideas so simple and sound you wonder why nobody ever thought of it before. It's a detachable metal sole, complete with cleats, that fits and locks on to any shoe in a few seconds and won't come off until released with a key. Which means that old shoes, comfortable shoes, can be converted quickly into the right footgear for golfing, baseball, and other sports.



Bowls That Bend: Good news for mother—and, actually, for all snack-in-the-refrigerator lovers in the family—are new refrigerator bowls made of a kind of plastic that can be shaped with the fingers to form pouring spouts or squeezed to loosen dried food particles. Released, the bowls spring back to original shape.

Protexem: If you dabble in painting things around the house or in your own room or clubhouse, here's a useful new item and one that Dad or Mother will love, too. Painting, as you know, can be a pleasant occupation but there's always the unpleasant feature of cleaning the brushes and keeping them in condition between uses. Now a couple of former GIs are in the business of making a brush protector. It's a container that looks much like a large juice can; you hang brushes at the top and a small amount of liquid in the bottom keeps the brushes conditioned for months by giving off a vapor. Result: paint, put the brushes in the can and forget them, then weeks or months later use them again—with no trouble at all.

If you are interested in any of the products described in this column—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy or price information. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



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HANDY HELPER'S

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"Old Town Canoes"

Jokes

POINT OF VIEW

FATHER: I'm sorry, son, but we can't buy this mutt.

YOUNG SON: He's no mutt! He's four kinds of thoroughbreds.

Sent by PHYLLIS MYERS, Prattsville, New York

NO ANTEATER

MOTHER: Stop reaching across the table, Junior. Haven't you a tongue?

JUNIOR: Yes, but my arm's longer.

Sent by ARGENTINA BEVERLY, East Chicago, Illinois

HOPELESS

Jimmy's teacher made him stay after school and write "I have gone" one hundred times because he had said "I have went."

When Jimmy had finished he left the following note for the teacher:

"I have written 'have gone' 100 times, and now I have went home."

Sent by JILL HOUCK, Bruceville, Indiana

APPENDAGE

Little Johnny saw a snake for the first time.

"Oh, Mother!" he exclaimed. "Come quick. Here's a tail wagging without any dog!"

Sent by IRENE HALL, Mohawk, Michigan

HARD TO DO

CUSTOMER: Give me three pounds of insect powder.

CLERK: Do you want to take it with you?

CUSTOMER: You don't expect me to bring the insects here, do you?

Sent by CAROL GAY SIOGREN, Louisville, Nebraska

NO TREAT

MR. ROBINSON: Why are you crying, Nancy?

NANCY: Because my brother has a holiday and I haven't.

MR. ROBINSON: Why don't you have a holiday?

NANCY: Because I'm not old enough to go to school.

Sent by JANET SPEAR, Montebello, California

HARD WORKER

FOREMAN: How is it that you carry only one plank and all the other men carry two?

WORKER: I suppose they're too lazy to make two trips, the way I do.

Sent by BETTY CARSON, Arlington, Virginia

RUSHED!

FATHER: Who was that you were talking to for an hour at the gate?

DAUGHTER: Jane Smith—she didn't have time to come in.

Sent by MARY ELLEN STAHOVIAK, Berlin, Wisconsin

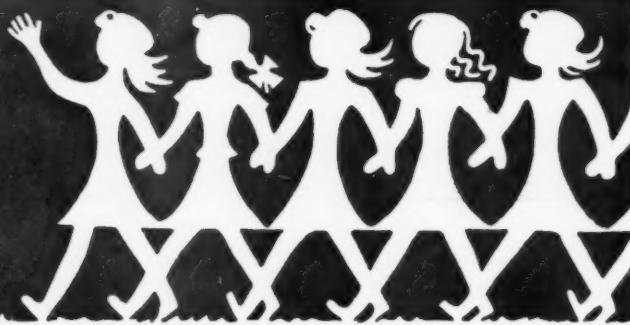
LIFE WITH LIL

by Merryleen



"Can you make me beautiful, or is it hopeless?"

IN STEP WITH THE TIMES



by LLOYD WELDON

Daylight Man

On the last Sunday of April many communities in the United States set their clocks ahead one hour, and in doing so paid tribute to the memory of a remarkable Englishman named William Willett.

In the summer of 1905 this country gentleman, a noted architect and builder, was cantering leisurely on his horse over a Kentish common before breakfast, and noted to his surprise what a large number of blinds were still drawn in the houses. People were still asleep, even though the sun had been up for two hours! What a lot of daylight was being wasted in the summer months, he thought. Whereas the sun changed its habits in the summer, rising early and shining late, human beings never changed their system of reckoning time. Soon the idea of "wasted daylight" became an obsession with Willett.

"For nearly half a year," he kept writing to the newspapers, "the sun shines upon the land for several hours each day while we are asleep. Let us take some of the hours of wasted sunlight from the *beginning* of the day and add them to the *end* of the day."

Benjamin Franklin, too, had complained about wasted daylight a hundred years before, but it was Willett who proposed a practical remedy—setting the clocks ahead eighty minutes in April and back eighty minutes in September. "Consider what such a gain involves for succeeding generations," he said. "On reaching the age of twenty-eight a man will have gained a whole year of daylight!"

Willett worked for ten years to get a "summer time bill" adopted by the House of Commons, but the railroads and farmers, who claimed that changing the clock wouldn't make cows yield milk eighty minutes earlier than was their custom, opposed the idea. Then the First World War came, and long evenings of daylight became desirable in England to save coal and electricity. The Summer Time Act was introduced in the House on May 8, 1916 and quickly passed. It modified Willett's plan only slightly. The clocks were turned ahead sixty minutes instead of eighty minutes.

The United States adopted daylight time in 1918 as a wartime measure. After the war a number of States and municipalities continued it for summer months only, and when we were drawn into the Second World War in 1941 it was put into effect nationally the year round as "war time." Today States and cities make their own decisions as to

whether they want daylight time in summer or not. It is popular with city dwellers and factoryworkers, but not so popular in farm areas.

In a clearing in the Kentish forest where William Willett used to take his early morning rides a monument has been gratefully erected to his memory. Under his name is the Latin inscription used on sundials: "I count only the sunny hours."

The Tusk Trade

In spite of all our marvelous modern plastics, no one has yet been able to find a good substitute for ivory, from which all piano keys, the best billiard balls, many brush handles, buttons, and feminine ornaments are made. The ivory market, closed down by the war, opened up again recently and is now booming. London is the trading center, with elephant tusks sent there from all over the world for auction in Mincing Lane.

Though much fine ivory comes from India, African tusks are considered the best, and male tusks better than female. Since ivory keeps indefinitely, natives store tusks in their jungle huts until they need money or when prices are favorable, as they are today. One dazzling variety is blue ivory, which resembles turquoise, and comes from tusks of antediluvian mammoths. Buried in the earth

for thousands of years, the ivory is penetrated slowly by metallic salts, which give it the peculiar vivid blue color.

Ivory is such an elastic and flexible substance that excellent riding whips have been cut lengthwise from whole elephant tusks—which sometimes run as long as ten feet and weigh over one hundred sixty-five pounds. But not all elephants have tusks, and not all ivory is from elephants. The trade recognizes as ivory the teeth of the hippopotamus, the walrus, and some wild boars. These are now used almost entirely for ornaments. Not so long ago, however, before porcelains and plastics were developed, dentists fitted their patients with bridgework made from hippo teeth. Those shining "store teeth" in great-grandfather's jaw were probably straight out of a hippo's molars!

Project in Manhattan

A year or two from now, if you ride up New York's Fifth Avenue to 89th Street, you may see something that looks like a huge, frosty ice-cream freezer. But really this radical building will be a picture gallery, designed to house the Museum of Non-Objective Painting's famous art collection.

Construction of the museum is expected to start this fall and to cost about a million dollars. It's to be made of big steel doughnuts, covered with cement, topped with a pyrex glass dome, and they say that if you could pull the finished building from the ground and toss it away, it would bounce intact! There will be no stairways, no windows—nothing to detract attention from the pictures on display—while the gallery itself is to be a gradually rising spiral ramp, three fourths of a mile long. Slow ramp, fast ramp, or elevator will take you to any desired level in the exhibition, and if you like relaxation with your art appreciation, drop down in one of the reclining chairs along the way.

Pictures won't need the protection of glass or frames in this vermin-proof, fire-proof, air-conditioned gallery, and a giant vacuum cleaner in the floor of the entrance hall will draw dust and dirt from the shoes and clothes of every visitor.

Although Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect, has designed many famous buildings the world over, this is his first project in Manhattan. "My building will not be the boring morgue that museums usually are," he says, "but an inspiring place where great art can be seen to advantage."

THE END

QUICKIE QUIZ

"THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM, TRA-LA"

Fill in the missing words:

1. "That which we call a _____
"By any other name would smell as sweet!"
2. "Go down to Kew in _____ time,
in _____ time"
3. "Consider the _____ of the field, how
they grow"
4. "In Flanders fields the _____ blow"
5. ". . . a crowd,
"A host of golden _____"

ANSWERS

1. "Lionry As A Cloud,"
2. "Lilac (Alfred Noyes, "The Bored Organ")
3. "Lilies (New Testament)"
4. "Poppies (John McCrae, "In Flanders Fields")
5. "Daffodils (Wordsworth, "I Wandered

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